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# Prussian Memories

1864-1914

By

Poultney Bigelow, M.A., F.R.G.S.

Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty,  
1806-1848"



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Second Impression

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## INTRODUCTORY

**B**ETWEEN the time of penning this little book and securing a courageous publisher, my sixtieth birthday arrived and brought me into the ranks of the elders. Henceforth I may claim the right to be reminiscent, not to say garrulous. I have crossed the ocean ninety times, three of the trips being under sail. Four times have I circumnavigated the globe—once under sail. I have been in three shipwrecks and as many times have been pronounced dead by expensive men of medicine. My studies have drawn me to every tropical colony, and my travels have been largely afoot, on horseback, or in a canoe. My adventures have been few because it has been my practice to give careful study to the history of the countries I was about to visit. That is probably one reason why my dealings with natives have been uniformly satisfactory—whether in Zululand or Borneo; China or New Guinea; the Black Sea or Baltic. Age has modified my views on many matters, notably on the relative value of man in



different climates. It is hard for me to see that one race is superior to another save for a short time under exceptional conditions.

Patriotism is based largely upon the conceit that we are mysteriously gifted with a larger share of virtue or intelligence than has been given to others; that we must conquer other countries, in order to diffuse our wisdom and virtue; that we must plague them with missionaries and commercial travellers until the happy day arrives when all shall rest happily under our flag and the millennium be proclaimed.

We Americans are an almost offensively patriotic people, so far as words and symbols are concerned. We scatter insults and missionaries with wasteful zeal and assume that our high opinion of ourselves is shared by the world at large. Our school children learn this doctrine, which is perpetuated by our colleges, our preachers, our papers, and our seekers after office. We have admitted negroes to citizenship; yet while we have branded as undesirables the disciples of Confucius, our slums are crowded with immigrants from the Mediterranean who constitute a menace to our political future; and we bar our gates against the Japanese, who make a religion of cleanliness and whose lives make their country a byword for chivalry. We

have flaunted in the face of Europe a so-called Monroe Doctrine, which forbids the great Powers from introducing stable government among the Latin-American States; and we threaten these Powers with war if they take steps to collect their debts, while we ourselves do nothing to command either fear or sympathy south of the Rio Grande.

There are no surprises to him who studies history and this great war has surprised no one save those who seek their light from the Priests of Pacifism.

The United States has been on the verge of war, for which there has been abundant provocation with Germany,—to say nothing of our neighbours across the Pacific. But had we been as meek as Belgium, our peril could be none the less real. We are a country piled high with dollars and no one to guard them. England so far has acted as our big brother and Germany dares make no move until John Bull is asleep. We should have a permanent peace footing of one million men; and these should be organized, after the Swiss method, as a force of reserves. Every voter should be qualified to take his share in the defence of his country, while he would be called away from his civil pursuits for not more than a few weeks in each year.

The American lad who can not read and write

and shoot and ride and swim and do his soldier duty should be barred from the polls and his name posted in public places. There is no good reason why from being a nation of "minute men" under Washington, we now should become so degenerate that in a moment of national danger even the graduates of our naval and military colleges are forbidden to discuss the matter for fear of annoying our enemy.

Germany has her plans for the invasion of this country. She has had these plans for a number of years past, and I have been called visionary each time that I have referred to the matter. It is our duty to be ready, for when Germany makes her raid across the Atlantic she will first exhaust every effort to secure the services of such patriots of the type of William Jennings Bryan. These "prophets of peace" preach peace and disarmament, and when their talking is over they will disappear with the money from their lectures and may next be seen on the Rhine or the Danube carrying in their buttonhole a Red Eagle order of the third class.

When this war closes, Europe will have many soldiers but few dollars; and no nation will need those dollars more than Germany. America will have billions of dollars but very few soldiers.

History teaches that sentiment counts for little in war and diplomacy—but it is a soporific for unthinking voters. In these past twenty years Imperial Germany has loudly proclaimed her desire for peace, yet has been the only one of the great Powers to decline flatly any proposition looking towards either disarmament or arbitration. She has feverishly pushed forward a naval programme out of all proportion to defensive needs, and in her diplomatic intercourse has assumed more and more the tone of a bully. This statement can be verified by any one who will take the pains to read the interchange of letters between the cabinets of Berlin, Paris, and London during these past few years.


What share William II. has had in this crowning crime I know not—for I have not seen him since 1896.

But Court is not everything save to such as have never been there; or, have known but one. My business is to be an American and the business of William II. is to be a German Kaiser. Towards him, as a man, I feel gratitude, and for his talents much respect; nor am I conscious of having ever uttered in word or print anything that could not be repeated in his hearing and with profit to the listener.

Certain Americans, including some officers of the army and navy, have become so unbalanced from once appearing at the Imperial Court, that they are now pro-German, and they feel that to prove their social superiority, they must fill their rooms with Imperial photographs. But a little wider experience would cure this malady.

We Americans hold that Government by the people means Liberty and Justice. This is not necessarily true. Democracy gives us ten thousand bosses, each one more costly than a single average monarch of Europe. England is nominally a monarchy. Yet in London the American can find more home rule and common law justice than in New York or Chicago. For my part I prefer a decent despot to a presidential demagogue. There are no more popular and patriotic representatives of national ideals today than the Kings of Belgium, England, and Italy, while each has practically less political power than the American President. Yet each is nominally ruler by divine right. These kings work for the nation's tomorrow, while our presidents must work for —votes!

William II. is popular at home, and the fact that he is so, in spite of having inaugurated a war unexampled for trickery and barbarity, shows us



## Introductory

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that an absolute monarch, by skilfully manipulating the press, the university, the schools, and the vast machinery of public patronage, can in the course of one generation produce a public sentiment ready to condone any act provided it be labelled patriotic.

It has been the favourite toast of Academic Germany, that Martin Luther emancipated the nation from intellectual bondage. It will henceforth be her dubious glory that after these centuries of struggle for freedom she has once more succumbed to the dual despotism of Pope and Kaiser.

P. B.

MALDEN-ON-HUDSON, September 23, 1915.



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# Prussian Memories

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## CHAPTER I

First Impressions of Germany—Bonn—English and American Boys—Fights—Treatment of Prussian Soldiers by their Officers—Beer-Soup.

IT was in 1864, when I was eight years old, that my parents sent me to a big boarding-school at Bonn on the Rhine. Prussia was in that year joined with Austria in a war against Denmark, but I took little interest then in the fortunes of any country save my own where the great Civil War was raging—filling the world with tales of fratricidal destruction, the echoes of which horrified even us children at the American Embassy in Paris.

Doctor Kortegarn was headmaster; and the boys were half English and half American. The most interesting feature of my two years there was a succession of fights between the English and American boys; after which we united cordially whenever anything local offered a more attractive

target for our pugnacity. Amongst my classmates were John and Andrew Munroe, sons of the great Paris banker of his day; also three Riggs boys of Washington. Halsey Haight of New York was the school monitor, the model boy and the only one who had a room to himself. As the youngest of the school I was placed under his general mentorship and recall vividly my sense of importance in being permitted to associate familiarly with such a big strong handsome fellow.

In parenthesis and at the risk of weakening an orthodox tradition, I cannot recall amongst our little band of a hundred Anglo-Americans any instances of fagging or hazing or bullying such as would seem to be inseparable from life at a big boarding-school, at least as portrayed in books. We did delight in hoisting our national flag at the highest point of some tree and then fighting to maintain it there until our clothes were in tatters or smeared with mud and blood. Whether England triumphed oftener than the United States I do not recall, but we did our little best to settle the Alabama Claims out of court. These scrimmages were wholesome things, for they did most drastically determine the relative position of every boy in that school. I carried away warm affection for my English and American schoolmates, but

## Early Impressions

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for some reason or other the Prussian boys who came only for the day classes seemed to be of another species in the human family. Yet the German walks on two legs like ourselves; he wears clothes, he passes examinations, he is chock-full of book-knowledge, and trained to conventional forms of social intercourse. Reason argues that his *Kultur* is magnificent, but we boys could not reason, and I was drawn to those who would play fair and fight fair. If I know an Englishman at all, I know him through and through, and can trust him in fair weather or foul. I have known hundreds of admirable Germans in the fifty years that have elapsed since the days of Doctor Kortegarn. These have been peasants and princes, priests and professors, editors, members of Parliament, poets and painters, and chiefly of course officers of the army and navy. I have enjoyed their society, for I have asked little in return. Much have I learned from them, and have tried to pay back a part of my debt by speaking the truth when called upon.

In the British or American service a man is first a gentleman and then an officer; on the Elbe and the Havel it is otherwise. There my friend is first an officer and as an officer his honour constrains him to do things which would not harmon-

ize with the conception of gentleman as framed at West Point or Woolwich.

It was late when I reached Bonn, very homesick. I was immediately mothered by old Frau Professor Kortegarn who kissed me many times and made me still more unhappy because her clothes smelt musty and her teeth were bad. She was an ogress in my childish eyes, for I had come straight from the caresses of a fond mother famed, even in the capital of beautiful women, for her abounding health and beauty.

Frau Professor brought me in to supper and I went as the child in the fairy story whom the witch is fattening for a sinister purpose. Had I been brought to the most choice of feasts my appetite would not have been elastic, but a mouthful revealed that I was tasting for the first time in my life warm beer-soup.

Imagine, you mothers, the feelings of a boy of eight, whose meals had been from infancy almost entirely made of milk fare and who had never tasted beer in any form, suddenly ordered to force down a tippie whose very odour was offensive. The dear old Frau Professor overwhelmed me with marks of affection. I could not then understand her, but evidently I had as by enchantment been metamorphosed into a cog of the great Prussian

machine. She knew that the beer-soup was good because it was prescribed by a Prussian institution, and she argued that whatever resisted its benevolent intentions, must be punished immediately and convincingly. At the time I did not know how symptomatic of Prussian education in general was this patient struggle over a plate of beer-soup. With my present experience I tremble at the thought of what might have happened had Herr Doktor intervened. But my phenomenal good fortune commenced early; and as there were no witnesses and Frau Professor was perhaps no less sleepy than myself and willing to give me the benefit of the doubt, for when I made a dramatic move to take in a second dose she put me to bed, and beer-soup has disgusted me ever since.

It is good for man to surrender his will and his reason for short periods, as for instance when he goes aboard ship and knows that the skipper can hang him at the yardarm and explain it afterwards; or as a volunteer for war under a commander whose argument is a firing-squad at sunrise; or as a man goes on the operating-table or into a sanatorium. No man is fit to lead others who has not himself submitted to discipline. Before we have experienced this quasi-slavery we talk much against it, and we talk still more against it when



we have submitted too long. To me it was a violent wrench, this becoming a Prussian cog, after having shared the companionship of a father who habitually discussed with us all our childish theses and even in the most crowded periods of his diplomatic life found time to hear us repeat our lessons and explain what to us was obscure. No children could have stood in greater awe of their father than we of ours; he was to us the embodiment not only of physical manliness and dignity, but also of patience, unselfishness, and loving care. I cannot recall his ever having punished any of his large family in any more drastic manner than by an expression of disapproval or a sarcastic reference to our behaviour. That was enough to convert our tempestuous nursery into a tropical doldrum,—for maybe a full half-hour. My mother frequently threatened volumes of calamity, but these she always forgot even more quickly than we did.

The second night at Kortegarn's all the boys before retiring stood up in two long lines for inspection and prayers. Never before having been called upon to say my prayers otherwise than on my knees, I was embarrassed when the Herr Doktor loudly intoned the German *Vater Unser*; and, innocently imagining that the most respectful

attitude would be that of one gazing towards Our Father's celestial home, I raised my homesick eyes ecstatically towards a bunch of flies on the ceiling, wishing that I had their wings and a knowledge of the road to Paris when *whack!* came a heavy blow on one side of my head which would have floored me had not my juvenile neighbour acted as buttress. The teacher sharply rebuked me for gazing upward, and I suppose this also went to the throne of the merciful Father along with the rest of Dr. Kortegarn's *Vater Unser*.

Today that blow on the head seems a brutal if not stupid exercise of power, nor can I recall amongst the many educators I have known in the English-speaking world any who could have so disturbed in cold blood a religious exercise. It was my first appearance at the roll-call; I was only eight, ignorant of the language and presumably of the customs, and yet for the simple mistake of gazing upward instead of downward during the Lord's Prayer my most conscientious and efficient master struck me a blow hard enough to fell a bullock, and no doubt glowed with inner satisfaction at one more duty done, one more step onward in the march that was spreading Prussian educational methods to the ends of the earth.

By this time so completely had I become a

Prussian cog that no resentment was felt by me against the punisher—it was as though I smarted under the blow of a stone rolling down the mountain, a branch falling from aloft, or the part of some machine against which I had inadvertently stumbled. There must be some virtue in the manner of Prussian educators, else how could it be so universally accepted and even commended by them? Personally, I do not like it, nor have I been able to preserve respect for those exercising this method of suasion.

At Kortegarn's I learned to appreciate the wholly impersonal brutality of the conscientious Prussian drill-master, and in later years I accepted the existing order of things as being probably well adapted to the particular people over whom this method is mainly applied.

One day in the West Indies, a German naval officer took me aboard his ship while the gunnery drill was on. The men appeared to be alert and I listened with interest to the conversation of my host as we strolled from gun to gun. In the midst of a sentence he stopped and drawing his hand back as one about to send a ball from centre field to home base he administered a blow on the cheek of a gunner that recalled vividly my experience at Kortegarn's religious exercises. The blow was

accompanied by a few sharp words. The officer then smiled pleasantly and went on with his conversation as might a man who had demolished a mosquito or removed a fly from his beer-mug.

The American who lives in Germany should not come home too often; otherwise it would disturb his habits as a Prussian cog. The first time I saw a Prussian soldier struck not only by an officer but by a non. com., my mind instantly pictured the fate of the guilty parties were this to happen in any English- or French-speaking regiment.

However, I am here to point out the difference between people of different *Kultur* and not to determine which is the better of the two—for them. The wise man makes a note of what he sees in his travels and seeks reasons and not ridicule for difference in customs.



## CHAPTER II

Prussian Club—Gentleman—Imperial Yachting—  
Sport Unfashionable—Kiao-chao—A Colony  
but no Colonists.

SOME of my German friends have shown irritation when I pointed out sympathetically that the conception of a gentleman was not at home in Prussia but had to be imported in a mutilated form. Here again I am at a loss to analyse so subtle a matter, but the curious will note that such clubs as the "Athenæum" and "Reform" in London, or the "Century" and "Union" in New York, not only are lacking in Germany, but are inconceivable in Berlin, Munich, or Cologne. A club presupposes personal dignity and equality. Imagine if you can a club in New York or London where every member had to rise and salute whenever a person of superior rank passed through the rooms. The very conditions that make Prussia the strongest of military nations make a club in our sense of the word an impossibility, because

only gentlemen can use all things in common and yet not abuse this privilege. Of course German officers have their messes or "Casinos," and in a military capital like Berlin a certain proportion of civilians, mainly diplomats, are admitted to temporary membership, but those of the English-speaking world soon weary of the military etiquette that hampers social freedom and, while they may leave their names on the club list, they look elsewhere for intellectual relaxation.

Germany has an immense Yacht Club, the "Imperial" of Kiel, and as a life-member I once attempted to pay a visit to its rooms. It was during the festivities connected with the opening of the Baltic and North Sea Canal when the harbour was crowded with English and American yachts no less than warships of all nations. So I paddled ashore in my canoe *Caribee* dressed in white flannels and the official cap of the club. But I had no sooner landed at the float than a sentry challenged me and told me to clear out, this being government property, and only for naval officers. My being a member of the Imperial Yacht Club left him cold, and as I despaired of achieving my object in any other way I induced him to escort me to the residence of the Commander, and through him I finally succeeded in

gazing at the club-rooms which were in a building of the Naval Academy.

This was an interesting revelation to me who had known the club mainly through its beautiful annual volume and its membership list which includes many notable English and American yachtsmen. But evidently it never occurred to a Prussian sentry that any civilian would have the impudence to invade the club premises of officers in uniform.

That was my first—indeed my last—visit; and when Germans use the word yacht-club in connection with that of New York and Cowes they speak the same language of externals but spiritually they are as far apart as the clubs of Pall Mall and the Casinos of Potsdam and Berlin.

Let me not be suspected of minimizing the splendid work done for German yachting by the Emperor's Yacht Club. He saw the work of England in this matter and brought the name and machinery to Kiel, and he has made a large portion of his prosperous subjects give much time to healthy life on the water, all of which is good if it travels along natural lines. But a sport which has to be patronized or pushed along by Imperial influence cannot be regarded as so popular as the sports which are rooted in the habits and customs

of our own people. William II. may succeed where others have failed; but, personally, it would surprise me to learn that the New York Yacht Club had found a rival in the Baltic, as well as on the Solent. William II. and his brother Prince Henry have been ever keen sportsmen, thanks to their experience in England. They have been pained by the absence of sport in Germany and have done their utmost to counteract this indifference on the part of their countrymen. The Prussian is apt to be sluggish and lazy, although he works with docility when he must; and this recreation is apt to take the form of a stroll towards a convenient beer-garden. The Prussian officer takes no interest in sport outside of that connected with his profession. The corps student imitates the officer and considers sword exercise best fitted to his needs. All that is fashionable frowns down upon mere athletic exercises and no wonder then that the Goddess of sport has to seek her devotees amongst schoolboys, shopkeepers, or mechanics.

When Prince Henry took command in the Far East after the conquest of Kiao-chao (in 1897), his intimate knowledge of English colonial life led him to introduce English athletic sports amongst the new officials—civil and military. It was a failure; for so soon as his own personal impulse



was removed, the prehistoric Prussian habits reasserted themselves, and when I visited that place only one year later it would have been difficult to picture a community more physically depressed from too much beer and too little sport.

Here again I called on the Governor, a naval officer, and found that he had his important door reserved for officers, and his less important door for civilians and other undesirables. The sentry warned me against entering at the important door, but at the risk of having a bullet penetrate not only me but the important door as well, I made much noise at the forbidden portal and secured access to his Governorship on somewhat the same footing as I had entered the sacred confines of my Imperial Yacht Club.

This exalted but painfully conscientious man was whining over his troubles, for there was nothing in the Prussian drill-book regulation covering the problems of a *de facto* governor. He knew how to punish a bluejacket guilty of having a spot on his uniform, but his present dilemma, so he told me with tears in his voice, was how to punish adequately a Chinese coolie who had used a bathtub for rinsing dishes. The Governor's wife in almost the same breath was pointing out to me the various pieces of furniture that had ungummed

themselves, being nothing but cheap pine stuff with a thin veneer to make them look like oak and mahogany. The Chinese who saw this and contrasted it with their own splendid cabinet work needed no further explanation regarding "made in Germany."

While the Governor was wailing over petty cases which should have been summarily disposed of by a subaltern or inferior court officer, agents for great German commercial houses were living like tramps in most inadequate quarters, vainly offering their assistance in the creation of a new colony. But so far from receiving encouragement, his Excellency complained bitterly to me at the intrusion of civilians. His dream of colonial Germany was a Chinese Potsdam, where all the colonists should be in uniform and where the official eye should never be offended by the sight of mufti. In short the Prussian colony is a land where all are welcome excepting—colonists.

### CHAPTER III

Prussian Military Success—1864-1866—Babelsberg  
—Bismarck—William I.—Violation of the Con-  
stitution—Dread of Revolution—Popular For-  
giveness after Sadowa.

LET me hasten back from Kiao-chao to Kor-  
tegar's and apologize to the reader for the  
garrulity and discursiveness incident to age if not  
to wisdom.

Two great wars came to magnify the Kingdom  
of William I., during my days at Bonn, but the  
Rhine province was populated mainly by Ger-  
mans who had been French a short half-century  
before, and had not quite decided whether *Koel-  
nisches Wasser* sounded more patriotic than *eau  
de Cologne*. If you asked a man on the street as  
to his nationality, he would proudly say "I am  
a Rhinelander," and if you called him a Prussian,  
he might add "Yes, a *Muss-Preussen*," or Must-  
Prussian.

The German who now proclaims *Deutschland*

*über Alles* does not like to be reminded of the fact that his Deutschland is a thing that has germinated overnight and may not stand the weather of the next day. South Germany has a historic development wholly distinct from the States in the North, and in 1866 Bavaria and Hanover were fighting against the Hohenzollerns with as much fierceness as they now exercise against France and England.

At the swearing in of naval recruits, the Emperor once thought fit to catechize a Bavarian blue-jacket at Kiel in regard to the duties of a loyal subject and more particularly his readiness to fight the common enemy, "And who is the common enemy?" asked William II. "The Prussian," answered confidently this truthful child of Munich.

The Emperor is said to have laughed long and joyously, but the rest of the story I never heard.

The War of 1864, called the Danish War, added large tracts to Prussia on the north-west; and the War of 1866 added still more in territory, but as all this can be read in any encyclopædia I will not waste your time by retailing it here.

We of Kortegarn's, for reasons I have sought in vain, were at that time wholly anti-Prussian; and we never missed an opportunity of running to the railway station and showing sympathy with prisoners of war fresh from the battle-field. One

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day we carried a big American flag and the prisoners begged each a piece of it as souvenir, and soon hundreds of them had badges made of the star-spangled banner pinned proudly on their white uniforms, and they cheered us and George Washington and the land of liberty with polyglot fervour, all of which is curious to recall today when German music-halls ring with ribald jests over the *Lusitania* dead.

American liberty sounded real in those days, for the memories of the German Revolution inflamed every schoolboy and many survivors of '48 had sought in America the liberty that was denied them at home.

The American Civil War was glorified by German eyes as one for the emancipation of a people in bondage; and as Germans had never seen a negro excepting as part of a menagerie, or in the highly coloured pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, they naturally felt that there was close enough analogy between Africans on a Louisiana plantation and Berlin University students—all clamouring for political freedom.

In 1863, Prussia played perhaps the most ignoble rôle in her military history up to that time by offering to assist in capturing and restoring to the Czar the Poles who sought to escape from his then

very harsh administration. The houses of Romanoff and Hohenzollern were one in those days by consanguinity and unity of political ideals. The old Emperor William visited nowhere with pleasure excepting at the Russian Court, for it was only there that he found the congenial atmosphere of absolute monarchy untainted by the remotest suspicion of ever having to consult constitutional representatives on any subject. Good old William I. never forgave his people the crime of setting up a full-blown modern constitutional government in 1848; much less could he forget their impudence in daring to offer an imperial crown to his brother, the then King Frederick William IV. He could understand a crown placed on his own head by his own hands as by those of God; but to receive the sacred emblem soiled by the sanction of a self-governing body of free Germans—that was to him sacrilege never to be forgiven. It seemed ever a dreadful yesterday to him when amid the hootings of the Berlin people he had been forced to escape from their fury in disguise and find refuge with many another would-be autocrat of that day under the shadows of Westminster. My old friend, Ernst von Bunsen, whose father was Prussian Ambassador in London, has told me of the surprise in the household on answering a ring at the doorbell!

early one morning in 1848. There stood the heir to the Prussian throne, homeless and helpless but for the generosity of a free country. It was Ernst von Bunsen's duty to escort his Prince during the sight-seeing of this enforced exile, but I failed to extract from him any admission that this prospective Emperor took interest in anything English beyond the common externals of the average tourist. The marvellous mechanism in the great constitutional machine which has enabled one little island to radiate the blessings of civil liberty, justice, and religious toleration to the ends of the earth; England's great statesmen, philanthropists, historians, and explorers—these were a sealed book to William I. In later years, George von Bunsen, brother of Ernst of London, told me that to this Emperor the world that wore no uniform had no existence, and he illustrated this by saying that when Berlin finally erected a monument to Germany's great poet, Schiller, and begged His Majesty to honour the occasion by his presence, the answer was: "Schiller? I don't remember any such name among my officers!" The King paid no further attention to the matter, and only those are surprised who imagine that the flowers of Parnassus can bloom in the barrack-yard of Potsdam.

William I. was a God-fearing, conscientious prince after the manner of the Hohenzollern tradition. He was simple in his habits and from the palace to the field of war made but slight difference in his bed and board. He knew his officers and cared for them as for members of his own family, and looked into cases of their private distress as does a benevolent squire with a large estate and many tenants. The Revolt of '48 was a nightmare to him, and that such a calamity should never happen again became his constant preoccupation. He is the father of the present Prussian militarism—that is to say, a thoroughly loyal and unquestioning military force ready to be turned against the common enemy or the Hanoverian or clamorous fellow-citizens in the streets of Berlin or in ventures beyond the seas.

But there were stormy debates in the Prussian parliament and the King found himself hampered for want of money, and he raged inwardly at the thought that he, a Prussian monarch, could have his military plans checked or even modified by representatives of this same people that had chased him from his capital in 1848. The Commons would not give in, and in 1862 the King decided that he would abdicate rather than submit to constitutional limitations. He even prepared



a written paper on the subject and then hesitated; and as with many another at such a moment the devil appeared in the form of a friend, and this time his name was Bismarck. The King was pacing up and down a retired walk in the beautiful English park of his country home, Babelsberg, when Mephistopheles entered and bowed to his Faust. The situation was explained; Bismarck listened respectfully and gave as his advice that the abdication manuscript should be torn up. They were standing on a rustic bridge over a streamlet trickling into the Havel, and as the pieces fell from the King's hand the Prime Minister carefully picked them up, thus unconsciously symbolizing the traditional attitude of the Prussian Junker to his alms-giving super-lord. "But," said the King, "I must then carry on the government without a parliament, and where can I find a minister capable of doing this?"

Of course Bismarck bowed; the bargain was struck; and from that moment the two conspirators worked as one for the grandeur of the Monarch and his Chancellor. The Commons made speeches and passed resolutions, but the Cromwells of Prussia were in the pay of their King and the representatives of the people were turned out-of-doors and the King collected taxes as usual and the military

organization was amplified and strengthened as has been abundantly illustrated by subsequent events. When Prussia tore up the treaty which bound her to respect the neutrality of Belgium the world had a right to say that her obligations to an alien people could not be regarded as more sacred than those which the King had sworn to maintain towards his own subjects and which he violated in 1863.

But Bismarck knew, if his King did not, that the people would always forgive a monarch who was victorious and consequently he had no concern for the future so long as his parliamentary methods led to success on the battle-field. With the victories of the Danish campaign, Prussian indignation against Bismarck perceptibly softened, and when the battle of Sadowa gave to Prussia the first rank in a Germanic Brotherhood, the Iron Chancellor received ovations and the people forgot that he had trampled underfoot the only constitutional liberties they had ever possessed. After this great military triumph, the new House of Representatives cheerfully forgave the past, voted everything Bismarck wanted, and in 1870 Prussia found herself the leader of a German Federation, which worked as one body for military purposes and which Bismarck and his

King knew to be superior in physical power to France.

My Kortegarn days closed when my father resigned his post at the Court of Napoleon in 1867, and I did not see Prussia again until the year 1870, but that must come in another chapter.

## CHAPTER IV

Schillbach—Potsdam—Bismarck—Pushing the German Language—Colonial Experience.

**I**N the spring of 1870 the whole family was united in Germany when the war broke out that was to make William I. Emperor, upset the throne of Napoleon, diminish France materially, but develop on her soil resources spiritual and political undreamed of by those who mourned most at the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.

As happens commonly, public opinion was wrong and the few initiated spoke in vain. The press of England and the United States counted upon French victories and my father's friends instantly wrote warning him not to be caught in the war zone when the French troops made their triumphal entry into Berlin. To these kindly meant monitions he answered by renting an apartment in the Hohenzollernstrasse, and by placing me in the family of a learned professor of Latin at Potsdam where I spent two happy years. There were five

children in this estimable family and as we played together constantly when not asleep or at our studies I soon acquired familiarity with German both classical and colloquial and I strongly urge English-speaking parents to give their children at least one year of uninterrupted intercourse in a family where they may acquire not only a foreign language but another national point of view. In parenthesis it may be worth noting by parents with prospective college boys, that I knew easily more German and French than any professor at Yale in my day;—and Latin as well, so far as the tutors are concerned, who did much to disgust us with Horace and Juvenal. My classmates habitually cheated the Latin tutor by reading the translation from between the lines of the text, and this must have been condoned by the faculty for no tutor of my day ever asked a student to read from a page not previously illuminated by his own—the student's—pencilings.

Professor Schillbach never troubled me with a Latin dictionary but made me memorize metrical rules of grammar which I can still repeat, and long passages from the poets which he subsequently discussed with me as you or I would if teaching English to a foreigner. We took long walks, our third consisting of either Virgil or Horace, merely

the text, from which I would translate at sight and he discuss. He also made me write him letters in Latin. In short he taught me by a thoroughly common-sense method and Latin soon became to me a living tongue.

Dear Professor Schillbach taught French at the Potsdam Gymnasium in addition to Latin, and like most Germans who have learned their French in Germany he was very proud of his accent. He never suspected that French and English had been with me interchangeable languages, and therefore when he accompanied me to Switzerland after the war he prepared me carefully for the enthusiastic reception which he doubted not would be accorded him by his brother Germans of Alsace so recently emancipated from the yoke of the French Empire. But his usual sunny spirits were a trifle dashed even before reaching Strasburg by finding ourselves in a compartment with brother-subjects of Prussia who yet talked politics in French and spoke freely of *ces sales Prussiens*. My dear Professor attempted a historical exposé of the Holy Roman Empire in the days of Louis XIV., but the torrent of voluble Alsatian French completely carried him off his linguistic legs, and he could recall nothing in either Ahn or Ollendorff suited to this Gallic eruption, which lasted until

we emerged upon the Strasburg platform, whence we sought our way on foot to the Cathedral and the ruins of the great Public Library.

In the cool of the streets my dear old mentor recovered himself and protested to me most energetically against the language of his French fellow-passengers, but, added he reassuringly, "You will soon see that the country is German at heart," and in this spirit he accosted a bourgeois with a polite request for information; but so far from receiving a polite answer the bourgeois turned from him with a scowl and a mumbling of the lips. This happened a second time, and then even the good Professor thought it wise to drop the subject of Alsatian fidelity. This failure to find amongst the newly-conquered provinces of France the welcome anticipated is symptomatic, and the shock that Schillbach sustained in and about Strasburg has been multiplied by millions or whenever the Prussian has stepped outside of his fool's paradise and learned things as they are rather than as served up to him by an officially inspired press. It is not easy even for a free man and an experienced traveller to gauge the relative strength of public sentiment, and in a conquered country the conqueror is apt to be easily deceived when he consorts mainly with fellow-conquerors.

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The late Eben Draper, Governor of Massachusetts and the head of a great manufacturing plant, was talking with me once on this matter apropos of a visit he had paid to Mülhausen and its machine shops. He there enquired of the foreman if the population was now thoroughly Prussianized, this being a whole generation after the battle of Sedan. The foreman made no answer but asked Mr. Draper to follow him to a large room with hundreds of cupboards, one for each workman. Mr. Draper was asked to open at random any of the doors and form his own opinion. He did so and saw in almost every instance flags and emblems of the neighbouring republic. Yet as late as 1894 I stood in a group of indignant French-speaking people near Metz, listening to William II. addressing his subjects officially declared Prussian since 1870. "Germans you are," shouted he in his explosive military manner, "Germans you have ever been, and Germans shall you always remain, so help me God and my good sword!" And with that he touched significantly the hilt of his cavalry sabre, and about me I heard Frenchmen saying to one another with indiscreet distinctness, "*Ah! nous verrons ça !*" and words of like heretic import.

Nor can I discover that the German language has fared any better on the Danish frontier or in



the Polish provinces. To learn a language we must love it, and the German must be personally agreeable if he desires those whom he conquers to change their mother-tongue in favour of his. The administration places obstacles in the way of those refusing to make German their language, but all in vain.

Polish women persist in being better-looking than those of Prussia, and the sons of Prussian officials persist in falling in love with good-looking girls who talk the forbidden tongue of Kosciusko rather than that of Bismarck; and the children of these quasi-German marriages chatter together in Polish and think of Berlin only as the residence of a clumsy conqueror

And so it is with the conscientious efforts of the Bismarckian administration to suppress the use of French in Alsace-Lorraine. Such international things as "ticket," or "billet" have been by authority Prussianized into *Fahrschein*. The telephone must be called *Fernsprecher*, the menu must be called *Speisesettel*, and even poor little weak German bouillon, the one thing painfully common to the whole world, must be labelled *Kraftbrühe* even when water is the strongest ingredient.

The failure of Bismarck to push the German language a single inch in Europe, so far from teach-

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ing him wisdom, only made him seek revenge by compelling the blacks of his African colonies, the Chinese in Kiao-chao, and the Papuans in his Eastern Archipelago to revive in these hitherto melodious solitudes the harsh gutturals of the Prussian drill-ground. We of English speech have with unconscious wisdom left languages to settle their own differences. The Congressman from Arizona or New Mexico may address the House in Spanish, English, or Apache if he chooses. There is no rule preventing a member from using French if he hail from Louisiana, or German if from Milwaukee or Hoboken. Maybe it is partly owing to this American indifference that with a population of Germans greater than remained to Prussia after the Treaty of Tilsit the German language is represented on American soil by nothing better than a few more or less moribund newspapers and an occasional theatrical troupe with precarious finances. Not a single state, county, town, university, or public institution is today German enough to suggest the millions who have come to this country from the Elbe and the Rhine; and still less is there here enough to justify the perpetual boasting of the Prussian at home that their *Kultur* has conquered the western world no less than Europe. When Prince Henry visited

this country shortly after the Spanish War, the imperial consuls and their satellites of commerce who laboured in hopes of a Red Eagle, struggled conscientiously to organize a German demonstration on American soil that should impress this royal visitor by the power of the Black Eagle in the New World. Americans of German speech did organize and did welcome the distinguished visitor, but they refused all offers of co-operation from alien consuls and insisted upon welcoming Prince Henry as Americans, proud of a common ancestry but glad that their kinship was no nearer.

Whoever travels in the Far East or in the Dark Continent finds the natives everywhere proud of their allegiance to the British flag, and wherever British territory is contiguous to that of native princes or chieftains the drift of emigration is not from under the British flag to native home rule, but on the contrary. One secret of this is that the British colonial official seeks to make life simple and rational to the native. When naming the streets or squares of a settlement the Englishman employs such names as a Chinaman, Malay, or Zulu can readily pronounce; but the German adopts the opposite method. When he lays out a new city in New Guinea he does not think of the inconvenience to an illiterate Papuan, but reflects

upon the glorious impression produced in Berlin by a map whose nomenclature recalls the reigning family or the sterns of the North German Lloyd. Thus where the English governor is satisfied with High Street, Hill Street, or King Street—names which the simplest coolie can bear in mind, your Prussian colonial autocrat defaces the virgin forest with signboards in Gothic script proclaiming to a population of dissatisfied natives that this is the Friedrichwilhelmstrasse or the Fürstbismarckplatz.

But Bismarck is the greatest of Prussians, so let us get back to 1870.

## CHAPTER V

### Family Life at Schillbach's—Hinzpeter—Palace Romps—First Meeting with William II.

THE family of Professor Schillbach in Potsdam offered an interesting picture of Prussian academic life. We had one big, strong, broad-in-the-beam, and ever cheerful servant who blacked the boots, cooked the food, scrubbed the floors, waited at table, did the family wash, and in her leisure moments mended clothes and wheeled the perambulator. The five children were all chubby, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed specimens, ranging from the babe in arms to the biggest boy of about ten who subsequently became a naval officer and went down with his ship. Children and parents all slept in one room, and there was a general family scrub every Saturday evening when the main room where we dined and where the children romped resounded to the clatter of tin pans or other equivalents for tubs. That my father insisted upon my having a room to myself was par-

done as the eccentricity of an exotic, but that on top of this I should have a bath of my own every morning was nothing short of scandalous and symbolic of latter-day American decadence. However, I soon became very fond of the Schillbach family and they of me—a friendship which has extended over more than forty years during which never a birthday has passed that we have not exchanged long letters on our respective domestic fortunes. Being ambitious of passing my examinations, the good Professor had more concern in checking than stimulating my thirst for knowledge, and I was always at my desk an hour or two before breakfast in winter by lamplight and always went over my task in the evening before going to bed. At home my parents encouraged a diet such as we associate with the dairy rather than with the beer-garden, but at Professor Schillbach's the food was overwhelmingly of the kind that goes well with beer, which was forbidden to me. I have often marvelled at the rugged health of German soldiers and wondered how they survived their rations. Perhaps I saw only the survivors. The German diet is a severe strain on stomachs accustomed to the French and American kitchen, for I have tested it many times since and have always succumbed—and fled to Paris or Carlsbad

for relief. There can be but one explanation—the Prussian is nearer to ancestral barbarism and his insides can stand a treatment under which those of a civilized man would writhe in torture.

One day the quiet little street of Schillbach reverberated with the clatter of a royal equipage. It stopped before our door and no less a person than the great Doctor Hinzpeter, tutor to the royal princes, alighted for a formal call. The upshot was that I was carried away to play with the prospective Prussian monarch and his brother Henry. This did not impress me as much as it did Schillbach because I had in Paris made personal acquaintance of the Prince Imperial whom I disliked because his hair was oily and his face pale and freckled. His clothes had so much of lace, velvet, and silk that I longed to pull them off his back.

It sounds now rather majestic to refer to my Paris boyhood as flavoured by contact with the Court of Napoleon, but to tell the truth much of my time and that of my elder brother was spent in pursuing an education which had little to do with the rules of our nursery, much less those of my father and mother, to say nothing of those in vogue at the Court of the Empress Eugénie.

There lived near the Embassy a French family

whose business it was to make trellises used to train flowers and also to shut out the curiosity of passers-by. My brother and I haunted the home of these *treillageurs* for there were two boys there, older than ourselves, and so good-natured that they allowed us as a great favour to paint the long thin strips with beautiful green paint; and we were so proud of this privilege that we took great pains to deserve the honour of more work at their indulgent hands.

It was glorious to escape from the nursery and be doing real things with real people, but the culmination came when our two trellis boys permitted us to go with them for the purpose of delivering a cargo of green trellises at some far-away point through the streets of the great capital. They had a push-cart and we were even allowed to push. I felt like a Robinson Crusoe and never in the jungles of Borneo have I relished the sweets of adventure more than when with these two Paris *gamins*, and without shoes and stockings, we paddled up and down the broad stone-paved gutters of the Champs Elysées while the blue-dressed functionary with the long hose played his refreshing stream about our feet.

This was the University of Paris to me and fortunately I was but seven years old, the age when



I was able to overhear the slang of carters and mechanics lounging about the drinking-places talking politics, swearing and fighting and paying little heed to barefooted and unkempt youngsters such as we two little Yankees must have appeared to them. My vocabulary soon gathered to itself adjectives and expletives that are perhaps not even yet registered in the authoritative lexicon of the French Academy; nor did even my father ever suspect the depth if not breadth of my linguistic absorption in the field of *argot*. I had good use for this during the Franco-German War when French prisoners arrived by every train and they told me tales fresh from the battle-field—the doings of their officers, the corruption in their commissariat, the general débâcle of what should have been a Napoleonic organization; they told their story with choking voices and moist eyes not merely because I was an American, but because we talked the same language, esoteric—of the spirit.

Later, during the Boer War, whilst bicycling near Saint Malo with my little daughters, a crusty man by the wayside though fit to gibe us with such words as “English spoken” and “Plumpudding”; and this was the chance I had been living for. I wheeled, dismounted, and then deluged him

with so violent a storm of thoroughly familiar and profane adverbs, adjectives, and exclamations that he went down before me like a Hindoo regiment before a charge of Mohammedan cavalry. Off went his hat, out went his hand, and we separated to the tune of *Vive la République. À bas Zola!*

And so whilst I was being driven out to the Potsdam palace behind the splendid Hohenzollern horses and the grand liveries on the box I fretted more over my interrupted studies than over details of Court ceremonial. But what was my delight when the elder of the two young princes came forward with outstretched hand and laughing eyes, welcoming me in good English and suggesting that we play Indians or indeed anything that furnished scope for rough and tumble. Prince Henry was like his brother, ready for any manly enterprise, although presumably reminded often enough by the correct Hinzpeter that he was destined to be only second in command whilst William was expected to take the initiative.

This Doctor Hinzpeter was rather a desiccated schoolmastery stripe of Prussian who prided himself much upon his frankness, learning, and correctness. He grieved over my roughness and frequently warned me that I must be more gentle

with the young princes and of course I promised. But the princes themselves were as much bored by Hinzpeter's henpecking as I was, and so were two of George von Bunsen's sons who, being half English by their mother and grandmother, were very far from Hinzpeter's ideals as playmates for royalty. Hinzpeter disliked the Bunsen boys no doubt as cordially as he did me. Bunsen, the father, was a distinguished member of the German Reichstag and a notable political opponent of Bismarck, and that his sons should have been allowed to consort with the royal princes shows how far their parents, later Emperor Frederick and his English wife, daughter of Queen Victoria, were willing to act independently of the rancorous Prime Minister.

As for me, I was only an exotic, a passing stranger, interesting perhaps ethnologically and of course incapable of undermining the orthodox teachings proper to a future emperor. When I visited Hinzpeter after the accession of William II. he spoke of the Bunsen boys as having had no home discipline, or to use his German words *nicht ungezogen sondern unerzogen*—which shows that this learned pedagogue conceived of no education save the Prussian. No family furnished a more beautiful example of domestic happiness, high

thinking, and wholesome discipline than that of the von Bunsens in their idyllic English home on the edges of Berlin. The children were frank, fearless, loving, and considerate to one another and obedient as children ever are with such parents. But they had never been Prussianized and therefore they habitually spoke the truth; and Hinzpeter preferred the orthodox children of Prussia who have been drilled to stand at attention and move by word of command only. Many such children came to the palace during my Potsdam days; they were all of the highest military aristocracy and were obviously invited for reasons of etiquette and from no desire on the part of the two princes who disliked nothing more than the hypocritically perfect manners of these tiresome supertrained junkerings. However, it was not their fault entirely, for their parents had drilled the spontaneous life-spring out of them and they moved and spoke as if a spy were behind the arras to denounce them for any natural expression that might inadvertently drop from their lips. But I noticed with satisfaction that these correct young courtiers were rarely invited a second time, at least whilst I was there; and that, in spite of Hinzpeter's views on education, my unorthodox self was most persistently requisitioned at the palace to the

great glory of the Schillbachs and the huge delight of myself.

The learned Hinzpeter some years later, in one of those frank outbursts which have made Prussian diplomacy famous throughout the world, said to me: "I never could understand why the Emperor took such a fancy to you."

This was of course an unanswerable proposition, and if the propounder thereof is still alive he is no doubt still propounding it to others than myself. The moment friendship becomes a theme for analysis it savours of post-mortem. Regarding the friendship which bound me to William II. from the days of the Franco-German War to those of the Jameson raid, I can only speak for things as I saw and felt them myself; and if the search after the truth ends in the loss of a friend we must seek consolation in further search after more truth if not more friends.

## CHAPTER VI

More Palace Play Days—Hinzpeter and Carey—  
Frederick the Noble and Bismarck—*Die  
Engländerin.*

THE playground of the royal princes was anywhere in the beautiful lake and forest country about Potsdam, but the headquarters of the then Crown Prince, better known later as Frederick the Noble, was the vast pile erected by Frederick the Great after the Seven Years' War, called the New Palace. It stands in the park of Sans Souci, and by its cost and enormous proportions proclaimed to the world of that time that a Prussian monarch could successfully wage war at one time against France, Russia, and Austria and yet have money to spare. Madame de Pompadour of Versailles may be seen today as a nude statue sustaining the crown of Prussia on top of the palace dome and in her company are the two Empresses of Russia and Austria respectively. Frederick was no respecter of women although his

taste in art and letters was that of a man at whose Court the graces danced with the goose-step of the grenadier.

Potsdam is a wilderness of palaces, barracks, fountains, temples, esplanades, with innumerable marble divinities waving their naked arms and legs as though begging in vain for warm clothes in the damp and cold of the Brandenburg swamps. In vain we seek for something natural to the soil—it is too often stucco made to look like marble. Frederick himself despised the language of his people no less than their customs and their art. He wrote habitually in French, and when necessity compelled him to give written instructions in German, these read today like something of Josh Billings or Hans Breitmann—they would be good comedy did we not know that their author was in tragic earnest. To the end of his days this Prussian monarch corresponded with French writers to whom he sent his manuscript for correction or rather approbation, and those who today worship this great Franco-Prussian king should not forget that in the days when America had her Franklin, Trumbull, and Gilbert Stuart, England her Goldsmith, Johnson, and Sir Joshua, the greatest of all Hohenzollerns calmly looked forward to French as the language of Germany and cultivated the

muses in the company of Maupertuis, Voltaire, and d'Alembert. Professor Schillbach pointed out to me the grandeur of Frederick the Great's equestrian statue which adorns Berlin, and mentioned by name the many figures of notable Prussians crowding round its base. But even at that age I was struck by the absence of all but such as wore military uniforms. Kant of Königsberg was tucked away immediately under the horse's tail, and if this position was symbolic of Frederick's opinion of German erudition it was expressed quite as drastically as was on top of the New Palace his regard for the Three Graces of the Seven Years' War.

But the New Palace as a playground for us boys was unequalled, at least on rainy days. There was an immense empty attic running the whole length of the palace roof, and here on rainy days we kicked football until the broken panes of glass attracted Dr. Hinzpeter's attention. One day Prince William led me by a mysterious staircase into the theatre where Voltaire had acted in his own plays during the famous Potsdam days, and here we amused ourselves hauling scenery up and down and strutting about in imaginary rôles. Here too he showed me his mother's atelier where paint-pots, easels, and canvases proclaimed the



earnestness with which she cultivated the painter's craft. Whether we had permission for these prowling adventures I did not enquire, but the secret was well preserved and what I now divulge can do no harm. But when I recall the many times that William II. has been charged with harshness towards his mother I can for my part bear witness only to his oft-expressed admiration for her talents. He praised her pictures earnestly, and my first difference with him arose at supper that day when he boasted regarding the quality of the cake made, he claimed, by his mother's own hands; whereupon, of course, I insisted that the cake made by my mother was better still. At any rate no parents could have shown more interest in their children than the then Crown Prince and Princess. They were generally present during the simple evening meal which consisted largely of the things I liked best, milk and nursery cake and stewed fruit. They had a smile and kind word for each of their little guests and the mother in particular had a keen eye for napkins not properly tucked in or any breach in nursery manners. Needless to say they never failed to ask after my father and mother in Berlin and send a kindly message.

Twenty years later, when William II. dismissed

his Chancellor or rather accepted one of his many petulant resignations, he frankly discussed his reasons with me and I was glad to note that amongst the many which weighed with him not the least of them referred to the manner in which the late Prime Minister spoke of this royal mother and even permitted the treatment given to her by his official press.

In the later Bismarckian days Empress Frederick existed in high Prussian circles only as *Die Engländerin*—The Englishwoman.

William II. differed radically from both father and mother as he developed in years and experience of Prussian official and military society. He had been nurtured as might have been an English prince, but once out of the nursery and in the current of the all-pervading Prussianism he was soon swept away by its seductive power. His parents stood for constitutional monarchy of a very liberal character; but young William grew up in the image of his grandfather; and, while he never, so far as I know, wavered in his filial duties as a man, he repudiated loudly and consistently any sympathy with the political heresies of which Frederick the Noble was accused.

One of our chief amusements, whenever the weather permitted, was to sail on a toy frigate

which had been presented to the husband of Queen Louise by the English King who preceded Queen Victoria. It was a perfect model of a full-rigged three-master British man-of-war before the days of steam, and at a distance revived memories of battles under Rodney and Nelson. But when one came alongside it was only a plaything about the size of a man-o'-war's launch, albeit the yards and sails and halyards were in every detail complete, at least everything above the level of the deck. On this toy frigate we cruised after imaginary buccaneers, and under the guidance of an experienced petty officer of the navy we trimmed the little yards, flattened in the sheets of the head-sails, and manipulated the baby pieces of artillery with all the enthusiasm of boys playing at real war. William delighted in this work and it would not be much of an exaggeration to call this little British plaything the parent ship of his latter-day navy.

No game interested him much that did not suggest war. Myself being fresh from America, I was credited, if not with Indian blood, at least with intimate knowledge of redskin tactics; consequently we talked much of Fenimore Cooper, the Deerslayer, and Chingachgook at our first meeting, and at our second I gave Prince William

an Indian bow with gaudy tassels at each end and a bunch of arrows with blunt heads. These war-like reminders of America's first families had been a present from my mother, purchased probably from an alleged Mohawk chief who invariably presided in those days over the souvenir-shops at Niagara Falls. But this is afterthought.

The moment William II. had these precious implements in his possession he radiantly suggested a war game on the Iroquois plan—and our victims were not far to seek. We elected ourselves exclusive members of the Ancient and Honourable Order of Red Men and declared all others to be palefaces; and as the outcasts were mainly of the much-drilled and very correct Prussian aristocracy we took youthful pleasure in chasing them through the bushes of the great park, seizing them by the hair, lashing them to trees, and then metaphorically shooting them full of arrows. Of course we gave out blood-curdling war-whoops and did such war-dances as might have surprised even Sitting Bull. My poor young brain was heavily taxed to supply information regarding aboriginal custom on the Upper Missouri and the Rio Grande; but having once been placed in the chair of Redmanology I had to speak *ex cathedra*, for to have confessed that I

had never seen an American Indian would have imperilled my palace prestige.

In parenthesis I should add that the dress of my royal hosts was simple and workmanlike, in contrast to the costly and useless accoutrements of the French Prince Imperial on the occasion to which I have referred. Also do I cheerfully note here as part of the paradoxical career of a great war lord that during these Potsdam days a neutral observer could have distinguished but with difficulty who were the hosts and who were the guests, so considerate and natural were the manners of these boys, and so heartily did they enter into the spirit of manly sport.

Another feature of the palace grounds which I had almost forgotten was a gymnasium, whose equipment consisted of three masts with good spars and rigging as of a fair-sized clipper ship. The masts were planted in the sand, and in lieu of a deck there was stretched a vast net for the protection of such as might fall from the yardarms. This nautical playground was also dear to the princes, although on account of a weakness in his left arm the elder of the two was much limited in his range of activity. In later years I was told by Surgeon-General Leuthold that the Emperor's infirmity was due to the person who attended his

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mother at her accouchement. He was injured by obstetric instruments and must therefore now do with his right arm alone three quarters of the work that should be distributed between the two of a normal man. His left is not wholly helpless as anyone can tell who has seen him in the saddle handling his reins and wielding his sword simultaneously. But still the handicap is a severe one, and it speaks strongly for the Emperor's pluck and persistence that he has succeeded not only in being an excellent marksman but in doing so much work with one arm alone as to scarcely miss the other.

Doctor Hinzpeter remained throughout his life a trusted adviser of the Emperor and this is attested by many titles and decorations dear to the Prussian heart. In 1888, after his accession to the throne, the Emperor spoke warmly to me of his former tutor and urged me to visit him in Westphalia where he lived on a Crown pension, occupied nominally with reading and preparing for his master's eye the most important utterances in the French press. He had married one of the French governesses of the royal family and I spent an interesting day in their company. She had the charm and tact natural to Frenchwomen, and he did nearly all the talking, in which exercise he laid bare huge abysses of tactlessness, misin-

formation, and ignorance of real life. Prussia is so full of Hinzpeters that this one would not now arrest my pen save for the fact that his views and those of his Imperial master have been on many points identical. Of course he despised democracy, especially that of my own country, and proved the failure of free institutions by complacently enumerating the great things accomplished by the Hohenzollerns and the utter absence of any intellectual achievement on American soil. He had never heard of any scientific research work in any American university; Yale and Harvard meant no more to him than a missionary school on the Congo; I did not ask him if he had ever heard of Fulton who placed the first successful steamboat on any water, nor of Elias Howe who invented the sewing-machine, nor of Morse who made the telegraph practicable, nor of Bushnell who first used the submarine boat, nor of Eli Whitney and his cotton-gin. I could not interrupt this academic master who dictatorially piled upon me sentence after sentence each one of which condemned my beloved country to the rank of a minor republic between Cape Horn and the Amazon. I tried to say a word for Edgar Allan Poe, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Motley, and Prescott, but as well seek to launch a toothpick in the jaws of

Niagara. He was a Prussian and he knew it all, and he beamed serenely down upon me from his unassailable pulpit and vainly sought for any one name that could redeem the North American continent from being a mere wilderness of moneyed mediocrity. At last, after long and silent searching, he looked at me as one who seeks to make amends for loving frankness and said: "America has produced one and only one name that will live in history—a name worthy of a place by the side of our great Prussian thinkers." At this I too lost some of my gloom, and thought now here is a chance for Washington or possibly Ben Franklin. But what was my amazement when he sententiously pronounced the name "Carey"! Perhaps his amazement was equal to mine when I remarked that I had never heard the name! "What," cried he, "you do not know the great economist Carey!"

And then a great light went up within me, and I recalled the name of one who is a byword in America amongst all who deal seriously with the problems of Adam Smith and his *Wealth of Nations*. Had he mentioned the *Book of Mormon* as America's chief historical work I could not have been more bewildered. Yet how curiously does the law close its circle! Here is an obscure



Pennsylvania publisher founding in Germany the Protectionism championed by Bismarck soon after the Franco-Prussian War, and then behold this same Protectionism warmly championed in America itself by innumerable speakers saying to the people: "How can Protection fail to be a good thing when it has the endorsement of the great Bismarck?"

So much for Hinzpeter and Henry Charles Carey of Pennsylvania!

## CHAPTER VII

Norwich Academy—Yale—American *vs.* German  
Student—Return to Berlin—Bunsen—  
Amphill—Bismarck.

**I**N the autumn of 1872 my father took me away from Professor Schillbach in Potsdam and transferred me to the home of Professor Hutchison, the eminent principal of the excellent academy at Norwich, Connecticut, where I was graduated in 1873, passing thence to New Haven, where, after matriculating and going through freshman year, my health, which had been undermined by Potsdam diet and lack of exercise, gave way and I spent the next two years in a voyage round the world in the last of A. A. Low's famous clippers, the *Surprise*. It was a memorable cruise to me for I studied navigation with the first mate; lent a hand aloft with the men; was chaplain, surgeon, and librarian; organized an orchestra in the fo'c'sle, and kept up with my college work, besides doing my own mending and laundry. The ship was

wrecked completely on the shores of Japan and this gave me an excuse for travelling alone into China when there was not a mile of railway in the whole empire and when even Japan was but just commencing to discard the wearing of swords in public.

In 1876, I was back at Yale again, but now stronger in body and infinitely better equipped for taking advantage of undergraduate opportunities, if not honours in the academic sense. To be sure I had carried off the Latin prize in freshman year, but such things were trifles compared to the honour of being permitted to row in the second "Varsity" eight under the one and only "Bob" Cook who had for many years coached our crew to victory over the *Crimson*. I was elected secretary and treasurer of the Dunham Rowing Club; captain of the light-weight four that raced and won at Lake Saltonstall; chairman of the Yale *Courant* and the first to make it an illustrated paper. Most of my time in the classroom I spent writing *Courant* articles; and out of the classroom I was mostly at the boat house, when the river was open. At graduating I was chairman of the Ivy Committee and one of the four Class Historians and about as near the bottom of my class as it was possible to get without going out of sight.

Thus you see that what I owe to dear old Yale is the experience gained in aquatics, journalism, and college politics. The love of study and academic ideals which I brought with me from home were all but eradicated by the vicious "marking system," so called, which bears no more relation to scholarship than priestcraft to religion. Yale to me was a four-year holiday of perpetual social and physical exhilaration sandwiched in between a schoolboy life of real academic value and a later life devoted almost exclusively to my two hobbies, history and letters. If in my old age advice to others can be pardoned let me recommend a similar course, if conditions are now as they were prior to 1879. My father was always generous to me in money matters, and I fixed my own allowance at \$1000.00 a year—sending him each month an itemized account of expenditure. He gave me free rein at college and I subscribed to the usual clubs and events; lived well—in short felt that I was spending as much as I ought to. My father never gambled and said he hoped I never would—on all other moral points he extracted no promises. He knew that I knew how he felt. Consequently I never smoked, nor used profane language, nor drank, nor borrowed money, nor gambled, nor bet, nor ever knew that there was a brothel or even a

loose woman in New Haven. And to the credit of American student life, let me add that the overwhelming majority of my classmates lived practically as I did—and certainly no one ever twitted me with being a prig or a Joseph. In those days I was a fluent banjoist; was stage manager of my junior-year society; sang in the chapel choir, and won a prize at boxing.

These items of harmless youthful student life are interesting when compared with those making up the life of a Prussian lad of the same age at a corresponding university, where much of his day is devoted to beer, and where the girl who makes his bed is by common consent presumed to occupy it when bidden. But I am digressing.

At last after an interval of twelve years I found myself once more in Berlin, interested very little in red Indians and toy frigates, but very much alive to political symptoms and the enormous economic changes that had almost transformed Germany since the great French War.

The Prussia of 1884 was wholly Bismarckian; the Prussia that I had left in 1872 was one whose ideals were ostensibly gratified by a close military and economic alliance of all German states under the Imperial Crown. In the halcyon days which succeeded 1870 there was the most cordial fellow-

ship between soldiers and civilians. Officers in uniform were familiar sights at the hotel tables of small garrison towns. Nobody talked of Imperial colonies, or a big navy, or Germany's manifest destiny, or her place in the sun. Free trade or a small tariff for revenue only was the fiscal policy, and the natural thrift and enterprise of her people were quite enough to ensure a fair return upon capital invested. But in twelve short years the Iron Chancellor had managed to make over this happy Fatherland into a nation full of political and commercial discord. The Socialist vote which had almost failed to materialize in 1872 was now so large as to give the Government grave concern. Colonial enterprise was being encouraged, steamships to far-away countries were being subsidized, and industries were being artificially stimulated by means of the new protective tariff.

George von Bunsen admired Bismarck for his share in giving Germany the unity desired by her people, but he distrusted the outcome of the new Bismarck legislation and therefore as a conscientious member of Parliament opposed the great Chancellor both in print and on the platform.

But Bismarck could not understand that a Prussian might be loyal to his King and yet vote against a bill proposed by that King's minister;

consequently he procured the arrest of von Bunsen and his trial for something akin to "lèse-Bismarck." It was a costly trial to Bunsen although he won on the mere technicality that there was no official report of the particular speech to which Bismarck had objected.

Soon afterwards the von Bunsen family gave a large party for the sake of their daughters, some of whom were now of society age; but to their surprise and chagrin no one came but a few of the family or strangers in the capital. It afterwards appeared that Bismarck had forbidden the Bunsen house to all loyal Prussians, or in other words had pragmatically intimated that such Prussians as chose to consort with a notorious opponent of the Chancellor need not expect favours at his hands. And as practically every avenue to State preferment depended directly or indirectly upon Bismarckian good-will, this blow at Bunsen affected not merely officers of the army and navy but officials in the law, medical, and diplomatic branches of the government, to say nothing of professors in the university, artists and men of letters who had something to lose and little to gain by disobeying a Bismarck. So great for evil was this name that even the members of foreign embassies were made to feel that their business at the Foreign Office

would not be accelerated by courting the enemies of its chief; and the newspaper fraternity had learned by sad experience that news from the Wilhelmstrasse was given most freely to those who printed most obediently the words of the Government Press Bureau. From being the Bismarck of German unity, the partner of Moltke in a great national struggle, he was now a monster policeman prying into every family and punishing political opinions as though Germany had no constitution. Bunsen told me, by way of illustrating the power of the Iron Chancellor even over foreign embassies, that his friend the British Ambassador, Lord Ampt-hill, showed keen interest in a new palæontological specimen that had just been received by the Berlin University—a pterodactyl, if my memory serves. Bunsen arranged to gratify the Ambassador, but they had to meet as by accident in an inner room, and on parting Bunsen had to forego seeing his friend even to the public entrance of the University for fear a spy might report to his chief that Lord Ampt-hill had been seen in company with one who voted against Bismarck!

Other liberals were persecuted by Bismarck but none so venomously as Bunsen, because in this statesman he saw not merely a champion of constitutional government but a man of substan-



tial means, important family connection, and above all a warm personal friend of the Crown Prince (later Emperor Frederick) and his wife, the daughter of Queen Victoria. By crushing Bunsen he proclaimed to all the disaffected his power to reach an enemy even when under the cloak of royalty.

In the happy weeks that I spent as guest of von Bunsen in Berlin he told me much of what liberals had to suffer, tales that would be incredible coming from anyone else.

One day, for instance, to his surprise he received an invitation to dine with the Chancellor and, revolving in his mind all the possible reasons for so strange an act, he concluded that perhaps after all Bismarck intended this as an olive-branch of peace, possibly an acknowledgment of past wrongs. So he went and found gathered together a large party of Parliamentarians, all waiting until the great Chancellor should appear and make his semi-royal circle according to custom. At last he entered and having prepared this demonstration for a particular reason he went from one to the other, greeting each in turn, but reserving Bunsen for the last. Here he stood a moment erect, stared silently at his amazed guest, then turned on his heel and led the way into the banqueting-hall.

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Bunsen turned also on his heel, sought the nearest restaurant, and meditated on the machinery that can make brutes into Bismarcks and Bunsens into outcasts.

It is a pitiful tale, for no more generous-minded patriot ever adorned the annals of the German Parliament than George von Bunsen nor was ever personal spite displayed in such high quarters with so much success. Bunsen is now dead; the house in which he lived no longer belongs to his family; he gave one son to the army and another to the navy, yet on his tombstone, if the truth could there be told, we would find engraved in flaming letters: “Done to death by Bismarck.”

Some day a volume can be made from the memoirs of Bismarck's victims, as Count von Arnim, arrested and tried for high treason merely because he appeared to be a possible rival; then Professor Geffken, whose death Bismarck hastened by sending this delicate old gentleman to prison on the flimsy charge of having forged a diary of the Emperor Frederick. The law courts abundantly exonerated the victim, but the mischief was done and the aged scholar survived his release but by a few weeks.

Is it a wonder that William II. should have dismissed Bismarck even though his brutality suc-

ceeded in one notable instance? But, fortunately for humanity, between the close of the Franco-Prussian War and the dropping of this pilot, to use the magnanimous language of *Punch's* famous cartoon, there is scarce a measure for which Bismarck laboured that did not prove a doubtful advantage if not disastrous. Brutality was the keynote of his policy towards the provinces taken from France and yet under this brutality nothing prospered save hatred of Prussia. His plans for the pacification of Poland and of the Danish provinces; those for the extirpation of Socialism; for the making of a great colonial empire as an outlet for German emigration and products; for the purging of the language of hated foreign words—in short, every Bismarckian measure I can think of suggests that its conception was reached on a Prussian drill-ground rather than in the cabinet of a statesman.

And while granting to Bismarck all that brutality can claim as its share in securing five milliards from France, and two provinces; I for one hold that Germany lost much more than she gained by a treaty which alienated not only the political but also the social and artistic sympathies of a country of which she had been in the past the most grateful imitator. Prussia has added much land and

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money, population and ships, factories and railways—but these are purely material triumphs, not for a moment comparable to the qualities which make Paris today the centre of the world's civilization no less than the arbiter of good taste. And in so-called modern invention when I name smokeless powder, the submarine ship, the dirigible balloon, the automobile, and the bicycle, is it not to France that we owe the perfection if not the conception of these five startling discoveries of later days?—and all this since Bismarck dictated terms of peace to the mutilated remnants of a France which he fondly believed would never rise again.

## CHAPTER VIII

William II. becomes Emperor—Militarism—Virchow—German Scholars at Court—Helmholtz.

WILLIAM II. became Emperor in 1888 and with him commenced a new and very distinct era in Germany. Prophecy must be ventured in spite of its dangers, and therefore I may be pardoned if I regard 1888 as the inauguration of militarism for its own sake and the practical Prussianizing of Germany. The present Emperor may dash this prophecy and he would not be the first to have made and unmade the record of a reign. Let the imagination play with Napoleon I. escaping from Saint Helena and retrieving Waterloo with the assistance of a free French Parliament. What would have been the fate of America had Charles I. escaped the block and met his English subjects frankly and courageously? New England, instead of being the refuge of obstinate Puritans might have been parcelled off into

baronial manors; and the war which began with Lexington and Bunker Hill have proved but a temporary interruption in the great march of the British monarchy.

Frederick the Great never had a large army compared with those of today, but it was terribly efficient and always larger, stronger, and more active than that of any other monarch. His soldiers were virtually slaves whom he flogged, shot, or rewarded without reference to the paragraphs of any law-book; but he was a wise despot and such an one recruits with ease. His army and his system, however, were completely wrecked in 1806 at the battle of Jena, when the son of a Corsican notary chased the whole Prussian army along with its titled officers through a dozen different German states and halted only when a few fragments of the Potsdam guards crept into the Russian lines for safety.

The defeat of Prussian troops on the fields of Auerstaedt and Jena was of small importance compared with the cowardice of the military aristocracy that surrendered one fortress after another without making defence and in some case even before it was called upon to surrender. There was one exception in this pitiful chain of Prussian pusillanimity: Colberg held out bravely,

but her defender was Gneisenau—and he was not a Prussian. Blücher also fought valiantly to the end, but again—he was not a Prussian.

William I. was then eight years of age, and this humiliation taught him lessons that were never absent from his mind. It seems but yesterday that I gazed in youthful wonder at this venerable monarch entering Berlin at the head of his victorious army—an army whose greatest triumph in the eyes of the Germans was that it had finally freed them from the fear of invasion.

In American history, and English to a less degree, we study public opinion, customs, institutions, superstitions, and from them anticipate probable parliamentary action. The lives of our statesmen are of great interest in so far as they tell us of difficulties surmounted in a career involving necessarily much compromise and diplomatic tact. But we rise from exhaustive reading in this field with the somewhat despondent reflection that in free governments one man replaces the other with remarkable regularity and no man makes a greater mistake than when he conceives that his public services are indispensable.

In Prussia, the study of a sovereign and his Court is the legitimate not to say morbid occupation of every subject. The Prussian Parliament

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and public opinion are but as dust in the balance compared with a royal attack of indigestion or infatuation for a new toy. The Prussia of Frederick the Great was thrown in and out of war with no more consultation of the people affected than when I mortgage my barn or sell a fat bullock. The Prussia of 1863 woke to find itself transformed overnight into a State without parliament or constitution, and all accomplished by a few minutes of conversation between William the Venerable and Bismarck the Only. The history of Prussia is the chronicle not of popular movements pressing upon Parliament and the throne, but of personal qualities in the monarch reflecting themselves through the officials whom he selects. William I. at the time of the battle of Jena was scarce older than myself when at the Kortegarn institution, and to me the impressions received in those years—the struggles of the American Civil War and the attitude of England and France towards the Confederacy, the life of Paris, and above all the sight of Louis Napoleon and his beautiful Eugénie cavalcading each day up that most imperial of avenues from the Tuileries to the Bois de Boulogne and being acclaimed by an apparently devoted throng of fashionably dressed people—these are all indelible pictures. Need we then wonder that



William I. felt justified in the adoption of any means rather than risk another Jena or still worse another Berlin with barricaded streets as in '48?

William II. loved and venerated this old Emperor, for in him he recognized the incarnation of Prussian ideals, a strong military state with just enough constitutional veneer to satisfy the civilian population but never to such a degree as might ever prove inconvenient to the police. It was a grim commentary on the danger of such plans when William I. was succeeded but for only a hundred days by his son, whom the aristocracy looked upon as a menace to their supremacy. Frederick II. was a sick man from the day of his accession to the end. Had he been a Romanoff or included in the pages of Tacitus, posterity would have credited him with a violent death, so unmeasured was the hatred manifested throughout the Prussian nobility for a man suspected of sharing the views of his English wife in matters of government. Had he been a socialist or a paid agent of Queen Victoria, he could not have evoked more slanderous or malicious comments. He was known to have entertained George von Bunsen and many other "liberals," and his wife made no secret of enjoying the society of artistic, scientific, and literary notables without reference to creed.

All this was blasphemy in Berlin minds. One of the first acts of Emperor Frederick was to select for decoration five "liberals," and we may measure the helplessness of this Emperor by the fact that he had to submit when Bismarck refused to carry out this wish of a dying sovereign. Needless to say, Bunsen was on this list.

It was even a constructive crime for the sons of Bunsen to visit their father. In the theory of Prussian military law it was inconceivable that a Prussian officer should have any consanguinity with anybody whose view of monarchy was not primarily Bismarckian. As I pen these lines in a land where soldiers and policemen are a negligible quantity, and consider that to the north of me is a frontier 3000 miles long with scarce a single bayonet to guard against a military raid, and that this frontier separates two very wealthy and war-like states each larger than the whole of Europe, I am conscious that the American or Canadian who should pick up this little volume could with difficulty grasp the social conditions in the Prussia of my time, where each man reads what the government gives him to read, marches as the drill-sergeant teaches him to march, makes his bow according to the formula of the King's Court-Chamberlain, marries as the colonel of his regiment

prescribes, brings up his children on a plan dictated by the Minister of Education, and never thinks until he has first consulted the oracle of Potsdam. The universities appear to be an exception, for the amount of research, compilation, dissection, cataloguing, and memorizing done by all professors and some students is enormous. *Akademische Freiheit* flies on every university flag-pole, but professors are State officials as the university is a State institution. Treitschke and Sybel died rich in medals granted by a grateful sovereign, for did not these men glorify the Prussian State? Virchow and Mommsen felt fortunate in not having to wear the prison garb, for they were men of mighty minds and had never been completely Prussianized. Both died social pariahs in Berlin, and if ever the victories of Rheims and Louvain should be celebrated by an equestrian monument of a Prussian war-lord and the great men of this day be grouped about its base as are those on the statue of Frederick the Great, we may confidently look for a Virchow or a Mommsen at the same relative point where we found the great Königsberg philosopher of the eighteenth century—under the horse's tail.

Virchow was once elected Head of the Berlin University; but to the scandal of the scientific

world and the joy of Prussian society, the King vetoed, until a deadlock was threatened between the Crown and the University, when the King grudgingly permitted this prince of pathologists to accept his election, a tremendous tribute to popular madness in the eyes of junkerdom, but to Virchow himself a matter of as little importance as an honorary Doctor of Laws to an Edison or a Kipling. It was my fortune to have met Virchow under most favourable circumstances and to have exchanged views with him on matters of English and American political life, but I did not know the degraded rank assigned to him by Prussian high society until we met at a great Court function where thousands of military uniforms glittered and clattered in the light of as many chandeliers. Wandering through these great rooms in search of another world than that of barracks, I espied a short figure, topped by a noble dome, and keen eyes peering from behind gold-rimmed spectacles. He had shrunk away into a window alcove where his academic robes suggested the shabby gown of a verger when contrasted with the gaudy dress of orthodox courtiers. And this was the head of Germany's greatest university, the man who could not have set his foot upon the soil of any civilized country without being hailed

by grateful millions as the first of scientists and one of the world's benefactors. Here he was beaming with kindliness and emitting an aura of spiritual vitality incomparably superior to a wilderness of gold lace and Red Eagle decorations; yet not a courtier would have dared stop and speak to him for fear of social contamination.

Where are the great men of Germany? one asks instinctively when first invited to the Berlin Court. Where are the great poets, dramatists, historians, inventors, painters, sculptors, engineers, singers, actors? A diplomatic friend begged me to dine with him and asked me to name any whom I desired to meet. Of course, I asked for Germany's first Shakespearian, Ludwig Barnay, him whose bust can be seen today in the Players' Club, the friend of Edwin Booth, a man who was the Henry Irving or Forbes Robertson of his day. But my host rolled up his eyes in horror and said: "No, no, impossible, an actor—nobody would come!" So I surrendered and learned my lesson, that to find the Barnays and the Mommsens, the Virchows and the Helmholtzes of Germany it is not on monuments such as Frederick the Great's or even at the Prussian Court that we should make our search. The wife of Professor Helmholtz said to me in angry tones: "For social purposes I

would rather have the youngest Prussian lieutenant in the Berlin garrison as husband than my illustrious excellency of a scientist." She spoke in anger under provocation and when her anger had subsided perhaps she changed her mind, but I doubt it.

## CHAPTER IX

Barnay—Booth—Art in Berlin—Imperial Influence  
on the Stage.

WILLIAM II. ascended the throne as the idol of Prussian hussar officers although men of the General Staff and those with the experience of 1870 blended their enthusiasm with the hope that he might imitate the caution of his illustrious grandfather and not seek to wage war without a Moltke or von Roon. The Emperor personally was something of a Prince Hal in conversation, with a happy manner of placing at their ease strangers and foreigners whom he interrogated with pleasure. Never yet have I met an Englishman, American, or even Frenchman who did not speak enthusiastically of the Emperor's personal charm and inquisitive vigour. If it was a Parisian actress, he delighted her with a rhapsody on Molière and the Comédie Française; with an Englishman, he was all for yachting, steeple-chasing, or a day on the moors; and if the family of an American

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millionaire was found floating in a Norwegian fjord, he would leave upon their mind the impression that he cared only for the New York Stock Exchange, the steel mills of Pittsburg, or the cotton plantations of the Gulf States. But all this was personal and limited strictly to the moment. He visited sculptors, painters, architects, bridge-builders and ship-designers; he offered them tobacco from his own pocket supply and joked with them over a glass of beer; but when it came to matters of Court ceremonial the principles of Prussian tradition were rigidly maintained and Frederick the Great's dictum, that only nobles are eligible to the corps of Prussian officers, is still the rule whatever exceptions may occasionally occur.

Barnay, had he been an Englishman, would have been knighted and no great house but would have sought his presence. In Berlin, I had to slip out at the kitchen entrance of the Palace and hurry far from glitter of decorations and chandeliers in order to realize that Prussia was more than a military machine-shop. Barnay had acted with Booth in Germany, and he spoke of the great American tragedian as not only the greatest of all Shakespearian actors but as a revelation in the field of art. Booth knew no German, and he acted with Germans who knew no English—but



spoke the German text in response to his English. Nor was the German translation always the same, for Shakespeare is to the German poet what Homer and Horace have been to the metrical pundits of England. Booth, moreover, never gave a rehearsal; and a strange company of German actors would face their Shylock or their Othello for the first time and within a few minutes thereafter Booth would be seeking in English the life of a German Antonio or strangling the gutturals of a Teutonic Desdemona, the while cursing her with British expletives. Never has the world perhaps witnessed so magnificent a triumph of professional knowledge, dramatic genius, and uniformity of stage drilling as this combination of Edwin Booth acting in every notable town of Germany from Hamburg to Vienna; having no company of his own but enjoying in each theatre the cordial welcome of brother-actors to whom the lines of Shakespeare were so much a part of their life that they could follow its spirit even when expressed by foreign words, just as a child can understand the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments in any tongue.

The Prussian stage can produce no great actors merely because no great actor could survive the barrack-room methods of a Prussian Hof Inten-

dant. The Emperor is the impresario in chief, and under him are lieutenants who conceive of Shakespeare as a product of Prussian *Kultur* and consequently amenable to military discipline. Every Prussian actor makes love at exactly the same angle, and when the hero dies or fights or commits murder the Prussian has the supreme satisfaction of reflecting that death, murder, love-making, and the other stock features of the drama are perpetrated on every stage of Prussia in exactly the same manner, according to paragraphs prepared by the Minister of War or his dramatic lieutenant. A departure from orthodox dying and declamation on the Prussian stage would render the impresario of that particular theatre suspect on the ground of incomplete patriotic education. The aristocracy of Prussia would resent an innovation in this field as promptly as they would the failure to click the heels together when bowing.

Judge then of the stupefaction in Court circles when Edwin Booth swooped down upon this paradise of the conventional drama and not only spoke Shakespeare in the bard's own language, but insisted upon fighting and making love, declaiming, deceiving, and laughing without the slightest reference to the Prussian drill-regulations, —even persisted in dying a natural death.

Barnay spoke of Booth as of his lord and master; and other German actors whom I subsequently met told me that nothing in their dramatic experience had revealed to them so much of grandeur in Shakespeare as the interpretation of this American artist. A Hungarian actor told me that Booth could break the laws of every impresario with impunity. He was perpetually smoking, and would cast away his cigarette only at the moment of appearing before the audience. The fire-wardens watched him anxiously, but in vain sought to modify his habits by reference to strict rules about smoking. In Vienna, crowds of her most beautiful and most exquisitely dressed daughters mobbed him at the stage door, eager for a touch of his hand or the privilege of kissing the border of his cape. Anything that had been his was keenly collected, whether a pencil, a fragment of paper, or a half-smoked cigarette. The actors worshipped his person, his intellect, his mastery in their craft—from this you may measure the delirium of enthusiasm which animated the less professional but equally receptive lovers of Shakespeare who for the first time saw the greatness of his works made greater still by a power for which nothing in their past experience had prepared them.

Booth himself spoke feelingly of these days to

me and he cheerfully referred to them as the highest professional triumph of his life. George von Bunsen never missed a performance of Booth in Berlin, and he who was familiar with the best on every great stage told me that our foremost actor had achieved in the Prussian capital a success not only complete as an intellectual effort but almost dangerously revolutionary in the extent to which he had weakened many traditions hitherto held sacred.

Perhaps it should be said in parenthesis that in Prussia the stage is a species of university extension planned notably for women and children. The impresarios are for the most part like the clergymen and the professors salaried servants of the State; the actors at Court theatres are, so to speak, fixed for life, and can retire on a pension like other functionaries. The plays are selected by or with the approval of the Crown, and all respectable Germans subscribe to their seats at a theatre much as we rent a pew in church. The American idea that we seek the playhouse as a distraction more or less frivolous, is foreign to a well-bred Prussian; on the contrary, he takes his wife and children to the State-subsidized theatre confident that nothing can be performed without the permission of a patriarchal govern-

ment and that consequently classical and patriotic drama will be the rule.

William II. is perhaps too much of an impresario, for he not only manifests personal interest in all the theatres under his control, but by a shrug or a movement of the lips can discourage a play of great merit. Were he a ruler over English or French subjects he would do little harm by his intervention in details of architecture, painting, sculpture, singing societies, theatrical representations, and the whole circle of the humanities. But having under him a people so docile intellectually as those over whom he rules as a demigod, he can give a character to the literature and art of his day that is wholly Prussian and patriotic yet bad artistically. The age of William II. promises to be as memorable for Germany as that of Ludwig I. of Bavaria or the Fourteenth Louis of France, but as the Bavarian protector of Lola Montez was conspicuous for the number rather than for the wit and beauty of those in his harem, so William II. will be gratefully remembered rather for the quantity of monuments he has erected than by any single contribution in the domain of the Muses. Berlin is today a byword amongst artists for mediocrity if not vulgarity in the way of Imperial statuary and architecture. To one who

is fresh from the semi-Latin Bavarian capital and who after a night in the train suddenly finds himself in Berlin face to face with a wilderness of stone and marble representing millions of marks paid out to architects, sculptors, and stone-masons, the melancholy conclusion forces itself upon him that all this Imperial quarry would scarcely repay to a successful French army the cost of carriage,—at least not the latter-day stuff. Yet the specimens in Berlin are not a criterion of what Germany could produce today if her best artists had been consulted. Berlin has more painters, sculptors, architects, and engineers than any other German city—at least a larger proportion of money-makers in these departments. But the city as a whole disguises this fact with Prussian thoroughness and the stranger is made to feel that while the streets are clean and the buildings uniformly placed, and every detail of municipal activity attended to with the intelligence and efficiency of a military camp, there is scarce a monument, square, blind alley, or nook where we would linger as we would in dozens I could name in Paris, London, or Munich. And the people reflect this perfection of mediocrity—they are all soldiers or merchants or officials or artisans, each one labelled and dressed as per catalogue and wholly incap-

able of being mistaken for anything individual or interesting. Occasionally there obtrudes a civilized stranger from Boston, Paris, or Oxford and he is at once stared at and audibly discussed, for the Berlin burgher prides himself upon a thirst for knowledge and bluntness of speech which in older and more civilized communities would be regarded as provincial curiosity, not to say rudeness.

## CHAPTER X

Berlin—Sewage Disposal—Dr. Koch—Arrest in Dresden—Also in Munich—Law Paragraphs—  
Cats—Kittens—Canals

THE social infirmity of the Prussian to which I referred in the last chapter is perhaps the chief reason why in matters of military and municipal efficiency this Baltic Empire has become a pattern to the world. When first I saw Berlin the population equalled that of a provincial English or American town; water was fetched from pumps at the street corners; latrines were excavated by well-disciplined scavengers, and the only sewers were the deep gutters, of whose contents no one could doubt who was ever present when they were being swept down towards the canals and the Spree. The streets were paved with cobble-stones and the rattling of the drays and droskies made hideous noises. Diseases from tainted water were common and on the whole it was difficult to think of any one selecting Berlin for residence unless compelled by necessity.



But the Sarmatic docility which makes an ideal soldier enables the government to work out a scheme and apply it practically without being at every step hampered, as we are, by so-called vested interests or faddists or ignorant representatives of still more ignorant electors. The war of 1870 made of Berlin the capital of a great empire and, without any calling of noisy conventions, the Prussian State and city authorities appointed the men most likely to achieve the desired results, and lo! as though by magic, the smells from the gutters ceased; the streets were made over after the pattern of London and Paris; the latrine-waggons and scavenger gangs disappeared; old city pumps were bought up as curios; drays and droskies glided gracefully along over perfectly laid asphalt; the waters of the Spree suddenly became fragrant and furnished wholesome drink to millions. On the outskirts of the metropolis large tracts were laid out in gardens and orchards, and these under scientific supervision were daily supplied with city waste in such dilution as to produce phenomenal crops and yet cause no injury from a sanitary point of view.

The Chairman of the Municipal Committee having this matter in charge invited me to visit these farms in company with Dr. Koch (of bacilli

fame) and a deputation from Paris officially charged with the study of sewage disposal. We inspected fields flooded by sewage. The ditches surrounding these fields were filled with water that had but recently been pumped out from the sewers of Berlin. Dr. Margraff, my host, assured us that the water we saw in these ditches was chemically pure for drinking purposes. We all shuddered, particularly Colonel Swaine, Her Britannic Majesty's military attaché at the Hohenzollern Court. The most notable figure in bacteriology endorsed the invitation of Dr. Margraff, but shuddering did not cease. What was to be done? Here was an official statement received with doubt—nay, even disgust. All eyes were turned on me, for the others were, after all, of the uninitiated, whereas trust in Prussian omnipotence was the creed I had never failed to preach and could not now hesitate to practise. So with a short prayer, as one diving into a tropical basin full of sharks, I snatched the proffered goblet from the hands of the great germ-doctor and drained it in one gulp, whilst my colleagues gazed intently as men who look for signs of germinating disease if not instantaneous collapse. Needless to say Prussian efficiency was vindicated once more; the water reminded me in its innocuous tastelessness

of filtered or boiled water—suggestive of ship-board tanks, cholera, and Oriental cities. Yet not even after this act of devotion would any other make the experiment, and to this day who knows if they are convinced? Who knows if they credit Americans with similarity of internal organs or equal sensitiveness to fever-germs?

On first reaching Berlin my father had thought of placing me in a big German day-school, and according to State regulation it was the teacher's duty to register not only the names of his pupils but their pedigree and theological bias. This was all before my happy days with Professor Schillbach and my German was far from adequate to the subtleties of religious symbolism. The teacher affected, as do so many of my Prussians, an abrupt, irritable, and military manner disconcerting to a youngster especially when dealing with a sacred subject. When my name was called I stood up timidly. He got the Bigelow part all right, although suggesting that it was probably a corruption of Bülow and that I must have been a renegade Prussian in some previous incarnation. When I told him my first name was Poultney he smiled and entered me as Paul, remarking upon the comic way in which language becomes perverted when carried to remote and unkulturized

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parts of the world. The mild protest which I endeavoured to make against this mutilation of a revered English ancestor only confirmed this pedagogue in his philological dictum, and the curious may some day be puzzled to find that I am officially registered under the name of the great apostle rather than that of George II.'s prime minister. Then the teacher asked me sternly: *Sind Sie Jüdisch?* No, not even the name of Paul could make a Jew of me. *Sind Sie Katholisch?* and I could answer that question easily. But when he severely challenged me to say that I was *Evangelisch* I was indeed at a loss, for I had never heard the word in German, nor did I then know its meaning even in English, save as a vague state of spiritual beatitude. So I looked no doubt as I felt, very vacant and helpless, and the teacher snarled out the same question over again with no better result. I might have been cuffed and carried away in disgrace for a more formal punishment had not a boy in the back row relieved the embarrassing situation by shouting out in triumph: *Der ist ja kein Christ—; der ist ja ein Amerikaner!* He's not a Christian; he's an American!

The teacher was now quite satisfied, nor was this the only time that the being American saved me from awkward consequences.

It was in 1889, I think, that I had been spending the whole day studying the battlefield of Bautzen, memorable in the campaign of 1813, and had reached the railway-station just as the last train was moving out in the direction of Dresden, where I had made my headquarters for similar studies—I being then hard at work on the first volume of my history. It was a critical moment to me, so I sprang forward, knocking aside one or two functionaries whose business it was to stop me; I caught the hand rail of the last car as it rolled out of the station and, with an acrobatic elasticity recalled with envy in my declining years, I swooped through the window and sprawled amid the skirts and boots of the scandalized passengers. These had not the time to scream for assistance when at the window appeared the hot and angry face of one in authority, who rated me soundly as a breaker of the law and continued his scolding by dwelling on the danger to my own person and possible loss to the community. He would no doubt have edified his congregation for the rest of the journey had not his ticket-collecting duties called him to other windows. But before leaving me he pronounced me his prisoner and that I should be taken in custody on arrival at the Saxon capital.

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And sure enough there stood the gendarmes with their carbines and I was escorted to the court-room and told to wait for the arrival of my judge or executioner, who made his appearance in a red cap and a face almost as red, so soon as the platform business incident to the train arrival had been dispatched. Assuming the same tone as the Prussian pedagogue who probed my theological deficiencies, he first reduced to writing everything for which blanks were provided by State authority, and then having enumerated the various crimes incidental to my escape from Bautzen and the various numbered paragraphs, any one of which would have discouraged a less hopeful nature, he pounded the table magisterially and, after the manner of one saying "The proposition is unanswerable yet we will be indulgent," he roared out: "And now have you anything to say before sentence shall be passed?"

What could I say? Or rather what could be said in a case where paragraphs had been flagrantly violated, where the witnesses all agreed in their damning testimony, and where the culprit stood arraigned at a bar that had no sympathy with the convenient plea of brainstorm? So I meekly bowed my head, recognized the wisdom of the judge and his paragraphs, lamented my ignorance

of civilized customs, and above all invoked extenuating circumstances. I pointed out that this was my first offence, and that I had but recently emerged from the great American jungle, where railway stations were necessarily few and where the aborigines (sometimes called straphangers) exercised their prehensile faculties in boarding the infrequent and very slow trains with which that country was equipped. If the recording angel had at that moment observed the gradual change from ferocity to curiosity and thence to sympathy for my benighted bringing-up, I am sure he or she would have forgiven the trifling adornments to my simple tale, especially as on that night there was a particularly good opera; and besides I was giving to my inquisitor scientific satisfaction along a most congenial line of Teutonic speculation. So after looking at me dubiously and somewhat pityingly he said he would suspend judgment for one week if I would remain on parole at the hotel where I was quartered—and of course I never heard again from this conscientious paragraphist. But the Emperor laughed loud and long when I told him the story, and I can see the Dresden station-master questioning his Brockhaus regarding the relative speed of the Twentieth Century Limited and the Dresden-

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Bautzen express and shaking his head and commenting on the strange ways of redskins.

Another time I was made to quake with almost equal fear, although rather for purse than life. In my little cruising canoe, whose net weight was only sixty pounds, and which with sails, stores, and camping-kit made but an easy load for two men at a lock, weir, or carry, I was in the habit of asking no questions of toll-keepers, but, invoking the help of a passing peasant, would whip the little craft out of the water and slip her in again on the other side of the obstacle.

At the first lock north of Spandau, on my way to the Mecklenburgh Lakes, there was a counterpart of my Dresden judge, who asked me if I had paid toll and I answered no. I asked how much, and he said gravely that he must consult his book; for he also was reared in the Kingdom of Paragraphs. I followed him into the toll-house and he produced a large sheet of paper with much printing and many columns surmounted by the Black Eagle of Prussia. He asked me the tonnage of my boat and its character. I told him it was a clinker-built lap-streak American Rob Roy, known in canoe circles as a "sunbeam" pattern cruiser, with two masts, centre-board, and drop-rudder. In vain he searched his paragraphs;



there never had been such a thing on a Prussian canal, and if the Prussian State provided no column in which it could be officially entered manifestly my *Caribbee* had no existence, at least in the eyes of a conscientious official. He was much annoyed with me because there was a minimum tax on a three-ton barge, regarded as the smallest craft recognized by lock-keepers; and finally he compromised with his conscience by declaring me as commanding a canoe of several tons burden with a full crew and an assorted cargo. "But," said I, "is it honourable that you should make me pay duty on a three-ton cargo-boat when my canoe is not half so big as a dinghy?" The lock-keeper saw my point and pondered, but finally concluded that, as some injustice had to be done, the interests of his royal master must take precedence, and then I wondered whether the law permitted him to accept a check in a financial transaction of such magnitude, not to say delicacy. He laboured long over my document, made many additions and subtractions, filled in every waste space with German figures or commentary, and finally presented me a bill for the grand total, which I gazed at first with doubt and then with relief for the whole amount, including more than an hour of precious time wasted by an important

official, to say nothing of cost in the matter of paper, ink, and sand,—all this machinery was at work for the single purpose of extracting from me the sum of fifteen pfennigs, or about three cents of American money. When it was all done, my feelings were divided between irritation at the loss of time and mortification at the smallness of the amount involved, but it taught me a valuable lesson and henceforth *Caribbee* negotiated locks without interfering with the serious duties of the lock-keeper.

But why multiply instances to illustrate the proverbial efficiency of the great Prussian machine? The stranger who crosses her frontier has henceforth nothing more important in life than to pay his bills and obey the law. Signboards innumerable greet him at every turn of the way and he must read them all, which ensures a leisurely progress replete with legal information. So hedged in is the German by rules that a signboard is now almost as good as a policeman for preventive purposes. Cherries and plums grow by the wayside and not even a small boy dares to question their status: that any man should deliberately disobey a signpost armed with a paragraph is something of which only an anarchist or an American could be guilty, at least in German eyes. It is

forbidden to ride on a bicycle through the big park of Munich, but as it was raining very hard, the park apparently empty, and darkness approaching, I wheeled merrily along the forbidden ways, happy in the thought that I was shortening the journey to dry clothes and supper. But just where I least expected it, a policeman emerged from a shelter and claimed me as his prisoner. Now a New York cop would have clubbed me or at least haled me before a police-court judge, but in Munich manners are patriarchal, and as this was evidently a novelty in the life of my captor he pulled out his book and commenced my biography; and I tremble today at the joy of an enemy should he be curious or vengeful enough to track me by the police-court records of the Old World, where my thirst for knowledge has been gratified by an occasional disregard of otherwise perfectly proper paragraphs. Each question addressed by the indignant policeman was answered by me in a diffuse English sentence, and when he enquired why I ignored a distinct penalty for using these sacred precincts in a manner so sacrilegious, I launched out upon what I could remember of Daniel Webster's famous peroration on the Haines Resolution and did not cease until this disgusted and dripping custodian waved me

out of his sight as a hopeless case; and once more I revelled in recalling the maxim, that there is a special Providence for children, drunkards, and Americans. And when a few days later a majestic officer of the law called in uniform to collect a statutory fine amounting to a fraction of a dollar I blessed the day when Providence had steered me through that dripping park.

On another occasion the family occupying the apartment beneath mine in Munich were outraged by the news that their maid could not bring up the customary wine for dinner because a cat of loose habits had given birth to many kittens in this particular wine cellar and resented the approach of a potential enemy. The master attempted to enter, but Puss drove him away and he threatened to shoot her; but here the landlord interfered and warned his thirsty tenant that animals in Munich could be slaughtered only at the official *abattoir*. A policeman was called, who, after thumbing his official book of paragraphs, found nothing covering this particular cat, although he confirmed the landlord in a disposition to exercise great caution in so important a matter, and recommended patience—he would consult his superiors in the police bureau. Fortunately a force superior to the police came tramping by—

nothing less than a file of soldiers on fatigue duty, whose good-natured sergeant came to the rescue of tenant, landlord, and policeman as well by a gentle but concerted flank movement which cleared the bin of cat and kits, shed no blood, released the wine, and maintained the law paragraphs intact.

But I must return to the Emperor.

## CHAPTER XI

Prussian General Staff—Real Titles—Spies—Walderssee—Russia—Absolute Monarchy

AS Frederick the Great owed his fame largely to the efficient military machine bequeathed to him by his most Prussian of fathers, so Austerlitz and Jena were owing not less to the genius of Napoleon than to the organization inaugurated by the Directoire. William II., in June of 1888, found himself, when barely thirty years of age, commanding the most perfect army in the world and at the same time the ruler of a mighty empire in which every conceivable department of human activity was in a very practical if not always apparent manner subordinated to the great business of war. We of America are so used to the slackness not to say dishonesty of our political representatives that, when we use military terms such as "general staff," "manœuvres," "marches," "encampments," or "citizen soldiers," we are as far from the real meaning as a theatre of marionettes

from the life they portray. In a country where bootblacks, barbers, and banjoists call themselves "Professor," and where colonels are as common as "Honourables," it is hard to explain that titles which we treat with a smile are in Germany of immense importance because they are real. The colonel of Germany commands a regiment of from three to four thousand men, and every man under him has been trained in the duties of a soldier from the handling of his rifle to the care of his marching-shoes. And moreover, every one of those military millions has had exactly the same standards applied to him, whether on the Russian border or the Danish, on the Rhine or on the Danube. When an American officer says he has a staff appointment, we are apt to congratulate him on having enjoyed political favour and that his work therefore promises to be more agreeable than real soldiering. But the Prussian has no such idea. The best of their officers work hard in the hope of becoming members of the great General Staff, that pet organization of Moltke, and once there they work still harder to meet the exacting requirements of that station. Nor do these officers become merely men of the bureau as so often with us; they are sent at short intervals back to their active regimental duties, and thus is maintained a constant

current of understanding between the men who plan campaigns and those who do the rougher work of hacking their way into the enemy. Here is Germany's University, if by that word we mean a gathering of the ablest students on every subject affecting the material existence of the empire. Here is a faculty for English, Russian, French, for every country with which Germany may come to be at war, and here are framed the plans for hypothetical invasions; and, dear fellow-countrymen, if you are so simple as to imagine that the Land of the Dollar is not included on this list, your awakening may prove a rude one. Every language may be heard in this University, and there is not a canal, road, bridge, building, or harbour of military importance that is not here mapped out in detail, whether on the Thames or the Seine, the Ganges or the Hudson. The professors in this University study carefully the daily papers of a dozen tongues and chart from day to day every change that has military significance. Spies there must be, and dangerous work it is, but in countries like the United States and England the casual tourist and the trained student of printed matter can gather nearly every item needful to an intelligent enemy. In Russia and France where war is better understood, military



secrets are more jealously guarded and Germany has to select her explorers in this field with considerable care. Yet there were in my time forty-nine employees of the French War Department in Prussian pay; and in the Russian, perhaps more.

In my second visit to Poland, in 1892, I secured, by a chain of happy coincidences, the plans of a Russian fort about which the Prussian General Staff had been kept in doubt. Part of these works happened to be on the estate of a large landed proprietor whom I had met at the Berlin Court and who prayed for the day when Germany should invade Russia, put a stop to the Russification of Poland, and make Warsaw once more the capital of a great nation under Hohenzollern suzerainty. This programme appealed strongly to me and to all those who recall the offensive attitude of Russia in those days against the Germans of the Baltic provinces. Her military movements on the frontiers of British India and China were on such a scale as to draw the German General Staff into friendly relations with the Intelligence Department of the British army.

The information I had brought from Poland was imparted to William II. in conversation at a Court ball, and he was keenly alive to its value, if confirmed. Count Waldersee, who later figured

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as Field-Marshal of the Peking Expedition, stood at the other end of the great room, surrounded as was his wont by a circle of officers paying court to him. "You must make your report to Count Waldersee," said the Emperor. "No," answered I, "Count Waldersee has nothing in common with me; my relations here are personal with you alone." The Emperor saw my point, and instead of my soliciting an audience of this Junker *par excellence* it was he who left his admiring circle and hurried across the floor to receive at my hands information which concerned his department and suggestions regarding exploitation of the same. William II. was full of mischief without malice and relished a temporary check to Waldersee's soaring vanity. As a result of these few words, the General Staff sent an admirable officer in disguise to inspect these works; and on my hint the British Government did the same; and as they made their inspections at different times, neither having knowledge of the other's work, I took a certain satisfaction in learning later that each report agreed with my original statement. It is pleasant now to think of a time so very recent when British and Prussian officers worked together, but that was before the day of asphyxiating gas, submarine hellishness, and the desecration of cathedrals.

The Houses of Hohenzollern and Romanoff enjoyed a traditional friendship wholly personal; for the Russian people in general dislike the Prussians no less cordially than they, in their turn, are despised by them. But the Courts of Potsdam and Krasnoe Selo were so intimate that each sovereign had by mutual request a confidential officer permanently acting as bodyguard and aide-de-camp to the other. It was obviously a somewhat Oriental pledge that neither would do any act or confer with any person without the consent or at least the knowledge of this *alter ego*. But in 1891 the rudeness of the Russian Czar in crossing Prussian territory in his visits and not even leaving a card on his cousin of Hohenzollern; and notably the *rapprochement* with France—these, together with the persistent massing of Russian units on the Prussian frontier and the steady suppression of the German language in the Baltic provinces, caused the Emperor to comment on these offensive moves in a spirit rather of cousinly sorrow than warlike anger. It was perhaps the only time that I ever urged upon him a policy or said anything which his prime minister could have resented with propriety. But in this matter I felt deeply that a restored and united Poland would add to the stability of Europe, and that the defeat of the

Czar's army would be followed by internal reforms good for Russia. I believed that such reforms would put an end to the propoganda of anarchists and bomb-throwers, and that these would be replaced by the legitimate agitation of responsible Parliamentarians. Events have justified the feelings I then expressed, for Russia was then weak and despotic, while Germany was strong and backed by the public sentiment not merely of Poland but of all the world with the possible exception of France. The war with Japan in 1904 did for Russia then what William II. should have done a dozen years before, and the first faint foundations of constitutional government came to the moujik not from the land of Kant and Schopenhauer but from the pagan shrines of Shinto and Buddha. The motives of William II. in forbidding war in 1891 and forcing it upon a reluctant world in 1914, must be sought in a superstitious regard for the last words of his venerable grandfather, who bound him over to keep the peace with Russia forever and at any cost. Each of these sovereigns regarded Germany's greatest danger as coming not from the Rhine, much less from the Vistula, but rather from the mysterious and most disconcerting development of a popular agitation which, for want of a better name, is labelled Socialism. William II.

listened long and intently as I developed the many reasons for his stepping forth, in 1891, as the champion of Western civilization against the barbaric tendencies of Russia, and in the climax of his reasons why he should continue to maintain the peace he laid emphasis on the fact that of all the great nations Russia and Prussia alone stood for personal and absolute monarchy. Since then the diplomatic cards have been extensively shuffled on the gambling table of the world's politics and I can no longer speak from personal contact; but this much has happened which the Emperor perhaps did not foresee when he proclaimed his resolution to have but one friend and that a Romanoff. Russia became not only the firm ally of a French democracy, but steadily improved her military resources perhaps never more efficiently than as a result of the Port Arthur and Mukden defeats. France, so far from justifying the orthodox German opinion regarding Latin decadence, revived the best traditions of Napoleonic organization in time of peace and at the same time passed through a spiritual and intellectual revolution that can be appreciated only by one who knows Austria and Spain or the power of the priesthood over educational institutions and the ballot-box in the France of my boyhood. The Europe which in 1871

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applauded a Germany battling for her national unity first wondered and then became alarmed as it observed a popular army little by little take on the form and manner of an aggressive weapon far greater than could be justified on the mere ground of defending one's hearth and home. Each year the Emperor insisted upon heavier contributions for guns, fortresses, and new battalions, and France, smaller in population and territory, saw a daily increasing menace—particularly when Germans in high position proclaimed with plausible assurance that another French war would reduce France to the status of a German province. The almost hysterical enthusiasm with which Paris welcomes a Russian Czar can be understood only by one who would have shared the sense of humiliation carefully concealed by Frenchmen when submitting to repeated reminders that they must do this or that under penalty of another punishment. With the warm support of England, Germany in 1891 stood perhaps at her highest relative moment of political importance in the eyes of a respectful world. It might be compared to the apogee of Napoleon the Great in 1811, or of Napoleon his nephew after Solferino, and before the world knew how dearly those victories had been purchased. But first let me give you an idea of what the German military machine is.

## CHAPTER XII

Manceuvres—Mobilization—Wagner—Lord Roberts  
—Franz Josef

THE word "manceuvres" means to a Prussian not merely dressing men in military uniform and giving them a week of genteel outdoor life with tents, dress parade, and a careful cuisine—far from it. This little word means, to a large fraction of the whole male population, the rehearsal of real war. The cartridges are without bullets, but horses are killed and men are maimed and millions of dollars are each year destroyed by the chasing of cavalry, artillery, and ammunition-trains over the beautifully cultivated farm-lands. The Emperor invited me to be his guest at the first of his grand manceuvres (1888), and from then on to 1896 I was present under most favourable conditions at the exercises of every army corps from the Dutch frontier to the Russian, and from the Danube to the Kiel Canal. Had I not witnessed the monotonous yet marvellous per-

fection characteristic of each military fragment, however much separated geographically, I could not have believed that a machine made up of humans could be taken apart and then brought together again by Imperial command and operated with the smoothness of a great mail steamer or an express passenger train. Those who have watched the team-play of professionals in base- or foot-ball, or who have applauded the mimic regiment on a music-hall stage, can form some notion of what it means to rehearse actors by the million over accentuated country where the map is their only guide and where every step subjects one or the other to surprise by a simulated enemy.

For instance, the order to mobilize is issued and reaches a peasant through the post or by messenger whilst he is at the plough. He knows beforehand where to join his comrades at the sound of alarm and together they make their way to the nearest company depot. Here they are provided with their kit which is all ready for them, and supposing these men to be reserves who have done their active years and are now only called upon for occasional autumn training, they at once fall in with their comrades of the station and under command of their captain tramp away until they meet a second and third company; and finally the whole



regiment comes together and the colonel looks it over—and woe to the captain whose company is not according to standard! Still more woe, perhaps, to corporals and sergeants whose rank hangs in the balance at the smile or frown of a lieutenant. In Prussia, not merely is the officer's career one for life, prized by all for the social privileges it confers, but the non-com. positions are also of a permanent nature, and when they retire after honourable active military years the State provides them with easier billets in the railway, telegraph, express, post-office, canal, or tax-gathering service where fidelity is of more importance than soldier strength. To ensure uniformity in drill and barrack-room habits, non-coms. are periodically brought together and re-drilled at what might be called military normal schools in order to carry back to the companies the most recent improvements affecting their immediate departments. Roughly we may compare these non-com. sessions to medical congresses where practitioners from different schools compare notes on the latest fashions in surgery and serums. In the British army, and still more so in our regular service, regiments used to differ on the drill-ground no less than in their mess traditions, and indeed *esprit de corps* while a splendid thing in general

frequently reminded one of college rivalry rather than the mechanical parts of an impersonal whole. The German army is a very young thing, scarcely older than my grandfather, for with the battle of Jena disappeared not only the machinery but practically the whole personnel of the Prussian priesthood whose glory it had been to hand from generation to generation the sacred military flame lighted by the first Hohenzollern conqueror of the Brandenburg marches. For seven years after Jena the King of Prussia remained content as a vassal of France, and his army, as prescribed by Napoleon, was cut down to something more than what is now a full corps—merely the plaything of a monarch who liked to see soldiers about him because they did as they were told and never asked him for a constitution. As Prussia is the parvenu amongst nations socially and politically, so for her soldier traditions she has to invent them or borrow them after the fashion of her wonderful but wearisome Wagner, who seized upon the legendary lore common to all Europe and by stamping it “made in Germany” stirred national enthusiasm and made every Prussian throw out his chest after the manner of another Attila, Lohengrin, or Siegfried.

The commonness with which my Prussian

officer friends have contemptuously referred to soldiers of other armies as lacking the sense of honour because devoid of military traditions, is my excuse for this historical digression which may encourage them to discover for themselves that many an English regiment carried flags through dozens of battles long before Jena, and even before Brandenburg had dreamed that it could afford a royal crown for its ruler.

But to return to the manœuvre field. Our company from Westphalia or the Rhine may have had to march one, two, or three hundred miles before seeing the Emperor, who usually took command of an army composed of several army corps during the last few days of operations covering several weeks. The soldier is thoroughly tested in the important details of making and breaking camp, sentry and out-post duty, and above all, the care of his person. There is no excuse for the man who falls out from sore feet, and a Prussian marching column is singularly free from the stragglers which are a feature of our so-called "militia manœuvres." During the weeks that pass between the first move from its village and the sight of its Emperor, the company has become part of a regiment, the regiment has joined its brother regiment and met its general of brigade, and so on

up until it is part of the great corps which occupies thirty miles of road when strung out four abreast with all its baggage and ammunition-train. The recruit learns more in a few weeks of this real soldier-life than in years of barrack and armory work such as we too often mistake for soldiering. The men sleep out in the open if they must, but whenever possible they are quartered upon the inhabitants. Here they are for the most part welcome guests, for the ample reason that not only would protest not avail, but every German house sheltering troops in manœuvre can be reasonably sure that some of its members are being elsewhere cared for after the same fashion. Universal service, which commenced only under the pressure of Napoleon I., is now not only popular in Germany but regarded as a matter of course, along with schools and other time-honoured expenditures for the public good.

Whenever officers have known why I was present at these different manœuvres, their behaviour has always been assiduously polite and their conversation interesting, for a service that draws to itself the best blood of a country must necessarily include a large share of that country's capacity to entertain. But on one or two occasions when happening in a part of the country separated from

my colleagues, I have been shouted, screamed, and bellowed at by most noble captains and colonels, who paid me the compliment of regarding me as a fellow-Prussian, and to whom it did not occur that any civilian could have any authority for riding his horse (or rather the Emperor's horse) over a field of mimic war. But when the storm of scolding had passed away, and the said officers had exercised a little of the Sherlock Holmes in a closer study of my cavalry equipment, they apologized and flattered me to an extent quite as great as that to which they went originally in cursing and bellowing. Indeed their scolding displeased me less than their civility.

The officer who was sent into Russia to verify the data I had hinted at regarding defensive works in Poland, was a man in whom was no fear but plenty of guile. He told me afterwards, that in order to see what he wanted he disguised himself as a lumber-dealer and left the train at an unimportant station whence he expected to work his way through the forests to the neighbourhood of the new works. Of course he carefully carried about his person only such innocent papers as the Russian police might regard as confirmatory of his assumed rôle and trusted to a good memory for measuring off distances by counting telegraph

poles by the roadside and other signs without which no spy is worth more than the common tourist. A few data however he had entrusted in faint pencil to a little booklet of cigarette papers, and when he found that two Russian gendarmes left the train with him and told him he was their prisoner he was greatly concerned regarding a prospective search. But the way was long, and cigarettes are matters of course, so my Prussian friend carelessly tore off the first leaf of incriminating manuscript and rolled it full of good tobacco which one of the gendarmes gratefully reduced to ashes. Two other pages were soon disposed of in the same manner, and by the time these guardians of Russian military secrets had handed over their prisoner to the commandant of the fortress they had smoked up not merely most of my friend's tobacco, but every evidence on which he should have been punished as a spy. The gentle gendarmes had moreover brought him into the very fort about which he had been in doubt and in the search after which he was prepared to spend weeks of laborious intrigue. It was with great glee that my friend told me of this adventure, for happy accidents of this nature do not often happen in spite of the fact that in Russia the good-nature and mental density of the lower classes frequently

counteract the best-laid plans of a crafty secret police. An officer high in the Russian Department of the Prussian General Staff gave me one day 150 letters which I was to post in New York, all addressed to supposedly *bona-fide* commission merchants along the western frontiers of Russia. These letters dealt nominally with strictly legitimate business offers from *bona-fide* American houses that had an interest in getting first-hand information regarding the movement of certain merchandise from the interior of Russia into Europe. This work was purely statistical and of legitimate interest to many manufacturers or merchants desiring to do business between America and the Baltic ports of Russia. Should any one of these epistolary agents be arrested and searched, his correspondence need not reveal anything which a public prosecutor could find useful, yet by means of an extensive network of shrewd agents sending from day to day the character and quantity of every carload passing certain points, the German General Staff could readily combine these scattered facts so as to know at the earliest possible moment of any movement suggestive of mobilization or of any military enterprise requiring more than usual amounts of a certain type of goods. It makes a soldier smile to read periodic revelations

by alleged ex-spies who perform feats recalling Benvenuto Cellini or Jack Sheppard. In these days of international banking, telegraphs, and Orient expresses, the spy business is a matter of widely ramified organization rather than of picking locks or waylaying kings' messengers. A government whose general staff is so equipped that it can record the faintest fluctuation in the cotton, copper, steel, or wool market; and registers the movement of every extra load of oats, hay, or straw especially when moving towards a cavalry post—such a government does not wait until war is declared before collecting maps and selecting the siege-guns necessary for battering down the cities in its way.

In the Spanish War our army reached Cuba before anyone in Washington dreamed that lighters were necessary for the debarkation of troops or that a transport service was part of a military expedition. The Boer War was merrily in swing before England learned that the Boers had horses—to say nothing of guns—superior to their own. Our people are apt to think that after a generation of fighting we are entitled to rest and enjoy the fruits of conquest. Not so the Prussian, who devotes every day of nominal peace to anticipating the great day when he may prove his power to dictate



such terms as will make his Emperor the only one in Europe.

And that is why these manœuvres are matters of importance to all concerned, because in the handling of large bodies, officers have infinite opportunity of gaining experience; and the Emperor is able every year to quietly drop or pass over men who under our system of seniority and even in England may reach the highest commands and yet be unfit to lead a regiment. It is safe to say that Germany could not have produced so incompetent a general as Buller in the Boer War or as Shafter in ours with Spain. And everyone knows that pluck and dash amongst the younger officers may be wasted if the higher places are blocked by senile politicians or friends of those in power.

Anyone may look at the German manœuvres from some point or other, but only the few can see important things. The late Lord Roberts was a guest on one of these occasions, but when I asked him if he was pleased with what he saw, he could only praise the unerring talent of the Prussian officer detailed as his aide-de-camp, who never by any accident led him anywhere excepting where there was nothing of interest to a soldier. He had been provided with an alleged companion, guide,

and interpreter whose English was wholly inadequate, but whose German instructions were no doubt to show Lord Roberts nothing that might one day be of service to him. In my own case, I could afford to ignore this feature of German statecraft as I had no immediate prospect of being called to command the U. S. Army in the field, and I found, moreover, that I never missed a trick in the German field of war if I kept my eye on the little Japanese attaché, Fukushima, who divined the changes on the military map with the eye of a magician.

Lord Roberts spoke neither German nor French; and when the Turkish military attaché was presented to him we watched with much interest how they would fare conversationally. It was halting work at first, but soon both faces beamed; they were talking volubly in Persian—one of the many “east of Suez” languages familiar to this great and simple soldier.

The Austrian Emperor is also master of many—some say fifteen—languages; yet I was surprised when William II. took me over to present me to Franz Josef he first asked me if I could speak German. I said, “A little!” “Good,” said he, “for the Austrian Emperor knows no English!” Old Emperor William I. also knew no English,

an interesting fact that was borne in upon the late Senator Sergeant who was sent as United States Minister to Berlin although innocent of either French or German; and he tried to talk Ohio politics to William I. Needless to say he was never given a second opportunity.

## CHAPTER XIII

Naval Activity—Admiral Hornby—"Fighting Bob"  
—Colonial Activity—Singapore

**B**ISMARCK and William II. are alike in that each has said plain things in so dramatic or violent a manner that the public could not believe them in earnest. When therefore the Emperor inaugurated his remarkable reign by declaring that the future of Germany lay upon the water, the steamship companies of Bremen and Hamburg shrugged their shoulders and inland Germany smiled at the enthusiasm of a youthful yachtsman. The Bavarians in particular made merry over the Prussian navy but the government soon won them over by purchasing in Rome the clerical votes needed in the Parliament at Berlin. No sooner had William II. ascended the throne than he prepared combined naval and military manoeuvres on a scale hitherto undreamed of in Germany, and to these he invited exalted naval commanders from foreign countries; but instead of distributing

them on board his warships he mounted them—some of them for the first time—on horses and set them scampering about the Baltic shores where they saw nothing whatever interesting to a sailor and returned home much as they came, save for the bruises incident to naval exercise in unwonted places. The British Admiral Hornby was a rare exception, a spare athletic figure who showed that he was at home in the hunting field no less than on the waves; but it was a sorry picture to watch the many nautical wobblers hugging the necks of Imperial horses and finally dropping off in the sandy fields of the Danish border. The lesson of these manœuvres was brought home with brutal distinctness to all but the gullible. Germany did not mean that any should share the knowledge she had or expected to acquire in her new-chosen field. Having had many occasions when cruising in my sailing canoe to watch divisions of torpedo boats slipping in and out between Kiel, Warnemünde, and Swinemünde, I had no doubt in my own mind that whatever the Emperor might attempt on the high seas would be carried out with the same thoroughness that characterized government work on land. In those days of Anglo-German comradeship every facility was afforded German officers to familiarize themselves

with every department of British naval activity —no one then suspecting against whom would be directed the weapons that were at that time being forged. William II. was created Admiral of the British Fleet, and it is but slight exaggeration to say that he knew as much of naval matters in Southampton water as he did of those at Kiel or Wilhelmshafen. Nor were American naval officers less anxious to further his salt-water ambitions.

The United States sent to the opening of the Kiel Canal in 1895 a squadron thoroughly up-to-date and with several features unsuspected even by German naval architects. The Emperor took charge of this matter himself and by a little judicious flattery not only was he shown everything he wished to see in the American squadron, but he even secured from Admiral Evans permission for his technical advisers to make a more detailed examination and give the benefit of this to his navy. Had a German ship in American waters permitted an American official to gather information in this manner the captain of that ship would have been promptly punished as an example to others. In this case, however, not only was the commanding American officer not censured; he even wrote a book in which this episode figured as one of his professional triumphs. When he and

his brother officers were presented to the Emperor at Kiel, I was in the group and noted the successive stages of the Imperial conquest with amusement mixed with amazement—yet when I have warned my countrymen in print that the German General Staff knows more about American military and naval conditions than even the officers in our own service, my warnings have had no more effect than the corollary which I now repeat, that a German raid upon the United States is not outside the range of German war-thought.

The naval activity of Germany since the accession of William II. has been feverish, and scarcely less so the expansion of German subsidized mail steamers whose manifest purpose has been to rival if not ruin English companies in the same trade. Not only to North American ports, but to Mediterranean as well as to African, Australian, Chinese, and Japanese, the German flag showed itself more and more aggressive—each flag representing not merely the thrift of German merchants but a potential auxiliary cruiser commanded by officers of the German naval reserve and a crew trained to handle guns at the porthole no less than soup-tureens and beer-mugs in the steward's department. From the club-house verandah at Singapore I one day counted twenty-five funnels of

one German line, and when I looked into the matter I found that this great subsidized company had successively bought up small competing English lines and was now carrying the British mail to British colonies and securing almost a monopoly of the most important knowledge regarding these imperfectly charted waters, notably between the Philippines, North Borneo, and the Malay Peninsula. In my three journeys to the Far East since the accession of the present Emperor, I have noted the distinct—I had almost said the violent—progress of German prestige east of Suez and west of California, owing to the energy with which the Berlin Government was carrying out the great oratorical dictum that Germany's future lay upon the water. Where formerly all white people in the Far East united in one social centre not merely for sport but also self-defence if need be, the policy of 1888 showed itself in clubs where only Germans came together and where the one congenial theme was the prospective triumph of the German language over the English as a medium of intercourse with Chinese, Malay, and Hindoo. Even on a German Government steamer carrying the British mail between Hong Kong and Bangkok I found two tables in the main saloon, one for Germans only,



and the other for the cosmopolitan white, under which term I seek to designate the sort of man who makes an agreeable travelling or club companion in every part of the world. The Swede, Norwegian, Dane, Dutch, Belgian, Russian, American, Turk—all these may blend harmoniously in a Far Eastern club, and each contribute to relieve the common tedium after office hours. But enter a German, and we know him by a metaphorical chip upon his shoulder and a tacit assertion that what other members regard as social privileges he intends to claim as legal rights. Perhaps I should add that the mercantile Germans, who came to the Far East under the German flag, and who hear nothing but their own language in the chain of clubs that link Bombay to Yokohama, are inferior in social qualities to the representatives of English houses whose traditions are those of merchant princes rather than retailers and pedlars. Whatever the cause, the German in his short and rapid career as a commercial rival in Far Eastern waters has succeeded in making the name of his country a byword for generally unclubable qualities. On one of my trips through Suez to Shanghai we had sixteen men in the first cabin—all German merchants. They drank beer very often, would take no exercise, dozed and lounged in their

steamer chairs until symptoms of biliousness manifested themselves. I had to seek out some Scotchmen in the second cabin for the physical exercises without which ship life in the tropics becomes a torment. The captain of the *Preussen* was an old friend and he had a daily tale of misery occasioned by the quarrels of his sixteen fellow-countrymen. They were eternally complaining to him, and insulting one another, to say nothing of demoralizing the perspiring stewards; and the captain cursed them and all German passengers, declaring that a dozen of such gave him more annoyance than a crowded passenger list of English or other civilized people.

Did it not savour of conceit, I would confide to the reader that Germans have commonly regarded me as a German and that I was once arrested and had some difficulty in satisfying the military authorities near Strasburg that I was not subject to their control in the matter of serving in the ranks and that I was not even born in Germany or enjoyed any trace of German blood on either side but, on the contrary, was of purely English extraction on both sides. The German official was much annoyed, not at himself, but at me, and scolded me soundly because I had dared

to speak German without an accent or as he pronounced it an "ackzong" (emphasis on the "ong").

But to return to the German navy.

## CHAPTER XIV

Jameson—Kruger Dispatch—Spanish War—Manila  
—Dewey — Diedrichs — Chichester — Kiao-chao  
—Wei-hai-wei—Seymour—Consul at Che-foo

THE display of warships at Kiel at the opening of the Baltic Canal in 1895 was a stirring sight and added to the Emperor's enthusiasm for ships, but in a few months events in South Africa stirred Prussia profoundly on this subject and did more in a day for his naval budget than the eight preceding years of oratory and personal effort. In January, 1896, the Boer misgovernment in Johannesburg bore so heavily upon the whites of other speech that they murmured much and conspired for Home Rule after the fashion of the Americans in California and Texas before the annexation of those countries to the United States. President Kruger and his brother Boers were mostly misguided patriots somewhat like John Brown of Osawatomie, whose head could hold but one idea at a time, and in the case of Kruger

his idea of happiness was an Africa with plenty of black farm-hands and not a single Englishman. But gold-mines will happen—even on the best regulated of African farms—and as the romantic but drowsy Alcaldes of California were sacrificed to the Forty-niners from Yankeedom, so the mines of the Rand drew from the ends of the earth thousands of adventurers who cared as little for Dutch traditions on the high veldt as had their kinsmen cared for the laws of Castile and Aragon in the Sierras. And so it came about that a band of reckless Englishmen under one Jameson raided the Transvaal and sought to upset a Boer despotism that weighed oppressively upon all Uitlanders and particularly upon those fond of gold. Jameson was arrested and so were many millionaire confederates whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making as they whiled away the time when under sentence of death in the Pretoria jail. The raid was a small affair—a dispute between cosmopolitan miners and Boer farmers, a question of internal British administration; and the meddling of any other power at such a time was an act of impertinence.

But not for nothing had the Prussian bureaucracy reared a generation of children in the confident anticipation of a new world-power destined

to spread *Kultur* and Black Eagles wherever the German navy could penetrate. The Jameson raid seemed sent by Heaven as a Hohenzollern opportunity and it was eagerly seized. From Berlin flashed a cable to Paul Kruger extending to him the hand of German brotherhood in whatever difference he might have with England. Imperial sorrow was expressed at the wicked raid and this strange document was signed by William alone.

Now Germany is not Prussia, and while William II. is an absolute King, the moment he acts as Emperor he is under limitations imposed by a Constitution; and this Constitution provides that official documents shall bear the countersign of a responsible minister. When Bismarck framed this portion of the Imperial Compact, he naturally thought it wise to protect himself against any outburst of Imperial spontaneity such as this extraordinary cable to Oom Paul. It startled Europe and in England raised an angry protest whose echoes had not subsided when the violation of Belgian neutrality in August, of 1914, called the British people throughout the world to arms against the common enemy. Prince Hohenlohe was Prime Minister when the Kruger dispatch was sent. Had he known of such a paper he should have insisted either upon countersigning

it or resigning. This matter, so unimportant in itself, was historically a new departure, for it proclaimed to the world that the German Empire was seeking foreign adventure as a consolation for domestic difficulties and that her great navy was to be a means of colonial expansion wherever and whenever opportunity offered.

The simple Boers naturally accepted the Kruger telegram as a sign that henceforth they could count upon William II. as their ally in any prospective war; and from this moment commenced the arming and equipping of burghers under German auspices, the results of which astonished the world on the Tugela and at Ladysmith. But while Imperial Germany was spinning its web of world-politics, many a German merchant told me in confidence that he cursed the day when these great schemes were inaugurated, for personally all he asked was a fair field and no favour. Since the Jameson Raid Germans have lost some of their former popularity, and business is no exception to the rule that "Kissing goes by favour." During the six months that I wandered about South Africa meeting merchants and politicians I heard but one voice amongst Germans and that was a prayer for immunity from Imperial patronage. The year 1896 may be said to have sounded

a note of warning to Germany that henceforth English and Americans would act in common as against the new spirit in the Fatherland—nor was it long before the Spanish War broke out, when official Germany ranged itself completely against the United States, and indeed the only sympathy we found then was in England.

Admiral Dewey had a difficult task at Manila, but the English authorities at Hong-Kong not only helped him with coal and other supplies but placed their docks at his disposal and treated our bluejackets, who subsequently painted this colony very red, with as much tenderness as though welcoming a large family of prodigal sons to the domestic hearth. British tars crowded the rigging and cheered the little Yankee squadron as it steamed forth to Manila whose waters were presumably well sown with mines. Dewey did his work according to the best traditions of the American navy, sank all there was of the Spanish fleet, and then waited for the American transports before attempting operations on land. During these trying days, when he was in constructive control of the Philippine capital, the English fleet, whose interests in Eastern waters were paramount, observed a benevolent neutrality, whereas Imperial Germany, that had there no interests



worth mentioning, sent for the embarrassment of Dewey a larger naval display than that of any other country, and acted throughout with insolence until the American Admiral expressed his readiness to fight the German Admiral, after which no further trouble came from that quarter.

While I was in Hong-Kong and Manila, it was naturally of interest to gather evidence on this subject, and I did so from eye-witnesses. Admiral Dewey has since embodied this episode in a chapter of absorbing interest, and the German Admiral has been constrained, no doubt by official pressure, to traverse every statement of the American Admiral in so far as it reflected upon the alleged discourtesy of the Kaiser towards the United States at this juncture. But as Admiral Diedrichs' official narrative is wholly at variance with my own version of the matter, and as Admiral Dewey is not merely respected in the service as a naval commander but also as an expert in the field of international law, to me at least one page of Dewey is better historic evidence than a volume of Diedrichs. This German Admiral carried his tactlessness, not to say anti-American activity, so far as to attempt an organized movement against the American squadron, and for this purpose sounded his European colleagues, amongst

them the late Admiral Chichester, who squelched the whole conspiracy by answering the German in these classic words: "No one knows what England is likely to do excepting Admiral Dewey and myself."

Whether this Prussian busy-body ever comprehended the full force of Chichester's snub is questionable, but at any rate soon thereafter he withdrew and sought consolation in Kiao-chao where he erected a monument to himself after the fashion of Spanish conquistadores. I did not climb to the top of the hill where this tribute to German colonial enterprise was in process, but addressed myself to a Prussian non-com. who had under him a long line of Chinese coolies struggling upward with loads on barrows. We passed the time of day and chatted of home and the difficulties of getting good beer in China. He was a good-natured fellow from South Germany and only occasionally interrupted our talk in order to whack with a leathern thong some dilatory coolie who had been conscripted in the great task of spreading *Kultur* in China. I asked why this procession of labour towards the hill when the colony stood in need of streets, sewers, docks, warehouses—in short, the important things of life.

The patriotic non-com. answered indignantly

that these coolies of his were engaged in the most important work of all—rearing a monument to Admiral Diedrichs, conqueror of Kiao-chao.

Alas for human vanity! This Diedrichs monument makes even a Chinaman smile today, yet in Imperial Germany it filled the breast of every schoolboy with ambition to go out into the world and help on the great work of making German the official language of China. This noble resolution, by the way, did not show practical results beyond the Berlin bureaus in which the regulations on this subject were conceived. Even the officers of the garrison had to employ English-speaking Chinese servants from Shanghai, and so far from the natives mastering the language of Goethe, I found my German friends taking lessons in pidgin English, and not from mere love of Great Britain. Oddly enough whilst hundreds of natives were being officially diverted to erecting a vainglorious monument to Diedrichs, the representative of the Deutsche Bank told me the merchants could get no labour for lightering ships in port, or for necessary housework, and this in the classic land of congested population! But oh! how refreshing to get out of this sham colony of Prussianized Chinamen and very homesick officials where no

sport enlivened the day's monotony, and in a few hours steam into Wei-hai-wei where Admiral Seymour and the whole British community down to the youngest midddy were keeping up their health and good spirits by manly exercises—football, cricket, tennis, and polo all going on at once. Germany had been more than a year fretting and fuming at Kiao-chao and the British flag had been at Wei-hai-wei but six months, yet under its folds the Chinese crowded in from all directions; British rule started quietly, not by doing violence to native custom but with the co-operation of the village-heads, so that a stranger might have assumed that this orderly community represented generations of goodwill.

Not many days later I was with the American Consul at Chee-foo (Fowler of Boston); he was troubled because the Boxers were already making ominous noises about Peking and an American war-vessel was on its way and had cabled ahead that he should provide coal for her. There was not a bucket of coal to be had in all Chee-foo, so he told me, and begged me to think of some way of helping him out of a very serious predicament. "Have you applied to the British Admiral?" said I. "Of course not," said he. "Why should I? The thing is absurd."

“That shows you don’t know,” said I. “Cable him at once.”

He did so, and in a few minutes came the answer I anticipated, namely, that the United States might help herself to as much British coal as she needed. The American Consul, whose training at home had been from text-books which teach that the highest statesmanship consists in metaphorically “twisting the British Lion’s tail,” suddenly woke up to a great fact which every American traveller acknowledges gratefully.

## CHAPTER XV

### Colonial Experience in German New Guinea

THE wise man does not insult another unless prepared to kill him, and we look back with amazement upon such acts as the gratuitous insult to England in 1896—I mean the famous Kruger dispatch—and the hostile behaviour of Admiral Diedrichs during our Spanish War of 1898. These were two crimes of such monstrous character that we may even raise them to the dignity of blunders. They alarmed the thinking world, and Germany from that time on has kept the cabinets of Europe wondering as to who might be the next victim of her bullying disposition. Of course in the case of the United States Berlin recognized the mistake she had made when Spain collapsed and public opinion expressed itself in language strong enough to reach across the Atlantic. And now Prussian diplomacy with characteristic awkwardness attempted to explain away her behaviour at Manila. The Emperor sent presents, a statue

of Frederick the Great, a collection of plaster casts glorifying Germanic legendary heroes; then he ordered the building of an American yacht, and to cap the climax of futile effort sent his brother Henry to make a tour of the country and give official assurance that the only genuine friend of the American democracy was the divinely anointed King of Prussia. The mission was a failure, for reasons I have already pointed out, and yet such is Prussian bureaucracy that German papers persisted in referring to American *Deushtum* as a product of careful *Kultur* at the hands of the German Government.

My old friend, Doctor von Holleben, when German Ambassador in Washington, asked seriously for my assistance in purchasing the goodwill or at least the silence of the New York *Herald* in regard to his master, the Emperor; and he was very angry because I nearly laughed myself out of my steamer chair so much did I relish what I regarded as his solemn joke. He had orders on this subject and was perhaps never more astonished than when I told him that the private income of Mr. James Gordon Bennett was probably larger than that of William II. and that whatever the *Herald* might say today in regard to the Prussian Crown would certainly not be improved by

any attempt to bring pecuniary pressure upon its proprietor. But what is not possible in a diplomatic service capable of selecting such an emissary as von Holleben on any errand requiring knowledge of things other than his own bureaucratic world? Indeed the humourist needs no imagination when seeking material for screaming farces—he has but to put an orthodox Prussian official into a world of real men and the thing is done.

Far away to the eastward of Borneo and Java, and northward of the Australian continent, I touched at every centre of Prussian administrative activity and in each case found colonial Hollebens tormented by paragraphs from official text-books and vainly struggling to make Germany beloved amongst a native population which had no sympathy whatever with the outward manifestations of *Kultur*. The history of British colonization for the past hundred years at least is that of a government reluctantly giving its protection to adventurous colonists who have already established a civil government and ask only that their rights and their property be respected. The Prussian method is exactly the contrary. First comes the warship whose guns clear the ground for the first governor to land and erect signposts warning the natives to keep off the grass, to play



no pianos after ten o'clock, not to ride bicycles on the sidewalks, and above all to use no language but German. To say that the German colonial stations of New Guinea contain more sign-boards than colonists or that one such station does more official bureaucratic work than a dozen corresponding stations in British India or Africa, is scant exaggeration. The Prussian governor approaches the jungles of the Bismarck Archipelago as he would the laying out of a new street in the suburbs of Berlin, and after thirty years of evidence to the contrary, Potsdam and Papua remain interchangeable terms with the German colonial office. And that is why at each station that I visited the notable features this side of the forest were the usual residences for the governor and his staff, a jail, barracks for the troops and native police, very well-kept parade ground and landing-stages, in fact everything but colonists. The governor promulgates the most enlightened laws that can be framed in the Wilhelmstrasse, and yet the natives take to the woods whenever they see a Prussian uniform. Large tracts have been given to Roman Catholic and Lutheran missions on condition that they teach the German language, and yet German missionaries are if possible more cordially disliked than even other officials of the colonial

office. To be sure these impressions were gathered in 1906 and changes may have occurred since; but until the spirit of Prussianism changes in Berlin it is hard to think of a German colony save as a military outpost.

A genial Bavarian police-magistrate who had served his time in the army and secured a billet in the interior of New Guinea gave me a touching picture of colonial administration as it affected him. His official residence was some ten miles inland from Matupi and the governor loaned me his horse to ride, whilst he busied himself with dispatches that had to be ready when the steamer sailed. The road was of modern German construction, broad and well engineered, and not a single house or human the whole distance as I trotted steadily through this virgin forest. There were, however, humans, and I noted with regret that they not only left the road as I approached, but disappeared wholly in the jungle as though suspecting evil design on the part of every white man. As I rode the governor's horse and talked Bavarian that went to the police-magistrate's heart, his wife made us a delicious dinner whilst he descanted on the differences between Munich and Matupi. I knew that almost every missionary station in German New Guinea had been at

some time the object of native hostility and the occasion for so-called punitive expeditions, and the reasons are simple enough to any one who is familiar with British colonies and could have been with me on that blistering hot day in New Guinea. Our missionaries receive as a rule salaries from their different societies and, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, do their work as almost independent units who must find favour with the natives or else fail. The German colonial office is more thrifty and sees in the missionary body an extension of domestic educational not to say administrative machinery that must be adapted to the needs of the Vaterland whether in East Africa, the Cameruns, Samoa, or the Bismarck Archipelago. We must think of a colonial office full of Hollebens or Hinzpeters in order to understand why Imperial Germany with her million square miles of colonial territory could not recruit as many volunteers for war out of that whole wilderness as Great Britain from the smallest of her West India Islands or the poorest district of the Punjaub.

The Prussian missionary arrives and the governor instructs him. He is furnished with a large piece of land taken from the natives and is authorized to add insult to injury by forcing the unwill-

ling pagan to cultivate it. The governor also places at his disposal the local police whose duty it is to drag back from out of the jungle natives who refuse to work for the missionary, or who are so sunk in prejudice that they will not even come and learn the religion of their conquerors and sing the *Watch on the Rhine* in German. The picture of conscientious truant officers armed with guns and scouring the jungles of New Guinea for bushy-headed, cinnamon-coloured boys and girls who have taken to the tall trees rather than submit to civilization on the Prussian plan, forms a comic cartoon were it not so frequently tragic in its consequences. To the German all natives are natives, and in flogging those whom the police have brought back to the fold it sometimes happens that a man of great local importance is outraged, and revenge follows, and a missionary hurt. Now with us a missionary is after all but a more or less misguided man who accepts a salary for teaching or preaching much as a young mining engineer answers a call to the disturbed districts of Mexico or the Yukon; if he is robbed or killed he takes his chances along with the rest of his adventurous comrades, and the world goes on much as before. But in the new Germany of *lèse-majesté* and *lèse-Bismarck*, *lèse-missionary* has also arrived—for is he not also

a cog in the Prussian machine?—and an insult to him must be met by an example whose “frightfulness” may be expected to deter all prospective laggards in the march of missionary *Kultur*. The Prussian gunboat is requisitioned, villages are shot to pieces, troops are landed, fires are started, and maybe a few natives who failed to make their escape in time are caught and executed. The expedition then returns and the governor writes innumerable paragraphs to Berlin relating how by consummate knowledge and valour a great uprising has been nipped in the bud and Prussianism once more triumphantly vindicated in the tropical Pacific. The official papers receive the news, it is reproduced in every provincial organ of the Empire, and every family in the Fatherland glows with pride in the thought that whilst its little circle is buried in peaceful slumber the vigilant guardians of Germanism are spreading its precepts and practices at the uttermost ends of the earth.

Let me recall the seizure of Kiao-chao in 1897, when a German squadron in a moment of profound peace anchored at this forlorn port and proclaimed it a conquest in the name of William II. So little did the Chinese authorities anticipate hostility that they apologized to Admiral Diedrichs because

they had no powder with which to offer him the customary salute. But Diedrichs was acting under orders here as he was to do in Manila Bay the year following, and brushing the Chinese aside, he set to work organizing a military station of the first magnitude—a northern Hong-Kong—a challenge to British ascendancy in Chinese waters.

Now Kiao-chao is in the province of Shantung—soil sacred to Confucius. German missionaries were no more desired at this holy shrine of the great Chinese saint than a deputation of the Salvation Army at Seville during Holy Week. The missionaries were warned, but as parts of a great machine they began proselytizing as might a demented Calvinist on the steps of Saint Peter's. Two missionaries were killed in Shantung, and instead of Germany marvelling that so few had fallen victims to popular indignation, Admiral Diedrichs seized the Bay of Kiao-chao and laid claim to Chinese soil for a city there, while at the same time his master acquired exclusive privileges over a province about equal to France in area and population. Perhaps in this same breath it would be well to remind Germans that Hong-Kong was a bleak and almost uninhabited island ceded to England as the result of a war in the early part of the nineteenth century, and that so soon as the

British flag commenced to fly in those waters Chinese coolies and merchants came and settled in such numbers that very soon the colony resembled an Anglo-Chinese metropolis of commerce and pleasure rather than a military garrison only. It would be hard to find anywhere in the tropics a place of residence where life and property are more secure and where agreeable cosmopolitan society is more abundant than in Hong-Kong, which England originally took over with great reluctance, yet now prizes as one of the proudest monuments of colonial achievement. My last visit there was in 1910 when General Sir Frederick Lugard, another great name in the roll of empire-builders, was governor. At the time of my visit he laid the foundation-stone of the present Hong-Kong University, not with the noisy advertisement of a Carnegie Library but with the modesty of the great soldier and administrator. Today I wonder if a dozen Englishmen realize that in a British fortress at the gates of Canton Chinese money has been invested for a Chinese university under the patronage of its British commander and at the mercy of his successors in office. If any one can suggest a more eloquent and practical tribute to the justice and generosity of British colonial administration I should be much interested. Of

course the need of such a university has been long patent, and now Chinese students, instead of making the long and costly journey to England or the United States for a medical or engineering degree, can secure its equivalent in Hong-Kong and yet remain in touch with their families, and all this at a comparatively small outlay in money. Sir Frederick told me that not only did private merchants subscribe handsomely, but even governors of Chinese provinces, and this at a moment when the noise of anti-foreign Boxer mobs had hardly subsided. In other words, the prestige of England in the Far East is the prestige enjoyed by men of high character and generous behaviour as against newly rich competitors whose weapons are intrigue, industry, and violence.

In German New Guinea I was warned by the governor not to go to a certain island where the natives were ferocious cannibals, and where no white man was safe. So I waited until he had retired to his bureau, when I launched my faithful canoe—the same old *Caribee*—and hoisting sail, skimmed gaily over the long rollers until I reached the forbidden area, when I made everything snug, put all my canvas and spars under hatches, and paddled gingerly about just out of range, in case the governor should by any accident have blun-



dered upon the truth in matters of native administration. Suddenly a venerable Papuan with vast bushy head-piece and much tattoo on his person appeared out of the dense jungle accompanied by two young and muscular sons. They had spears and gazed at me after the manner of a wild cat on an overhanging limb. I called to them in a mixture of Malay and pidgin English and they retorted by inquiring if I was a missionary or a German. They remained savage and sulky until I satisfied them on these two points, when their features relaxed and I took advantage of the psychological moment to paddle close in shore and formally entrust the old man as Mandor with my double-bladed paddle, thus making him responsible for my life. He then took me over the island where only a few days before thirteen alleged ringleaders had been executed by a German punitive expedition; he showed me their graves and the damage done by the shells from the gunboat. All had escaped from the island save the helpless women and children, and he had returned as chief representative of native dignity and religion. On this island I spent a happy day and when the shadows began to lengthen it seemed as though I had become part of their life and that nothing more was lacking but a flag, a gunboat, and a

Gatling gun in order to start another Eastern Empire on the lines of Rajah Brooke. But I had duties calling me then to Boston and so we parted, but not before I had secured from the old man the best of the great idols in his temple with which I paddled back to the German steamship, fortunately when it was too dark for any one to interfere. Only the quartermaster was at the gangway who helped me stow my trophy amongst the spars of the upper deck; and no one ever heard of this until we were well on our way and I took the captain into my confidence. My canoe was only thirty inches beam, and as the idol was eight feet in length and had to be balanced on the deck combing in front of me my task was not an easy one. There was a long swell rolling in from the Pacific, and a native mat-sail catamaran not many miles off caused me to make a large *détour* for fear of possible difficulty in regard to my precious cargo.

This alleged cannibal island was only five miles from the governor's bureau in a straight line, but considering the heavy swell, the tropical heat, the forced *détour*, and my own feelings, it was one of the longest and hardest of my canoe experiences—but also most valuable as a lesson in colonial administration.

Perhaps in closing this chapter I ought to add

that even in 1896, during my six months in South Africa, when Boers and Britons were on anything but friendly terms, a party of burghers trekked away into German South-West Africa from the Cape Colony, having been encouraged so to do not merely by their dislike of all government, but because of the Kruger telegram which made them anticipate a warm reception in the colonial dominions of William II. But they all trekked back as poor as they went except in experience. So far from receiving welcome, the Prussian administrators treated them as trespassers, burdened them with unwonted taxes, insisted upon German and not Dutch as the language of intercourse, and in short sent them back to British territory with no desire ever again to seek under the Black Eagle the liberty they thought was lacking under the Union Jack.

## CHAPTER XVI

### Fukushima—The Fool's Revenge

IT was in Berlin that I first met Fukushima, and for the whole period of his German service, that is to say from 1887 to 1892, he was to me a most valuable social and professional asset during the annual mobilizations and grand manoeuvres conducted by the Emperor. During those years the American Government sent also military attachés who could speak no language but their own and were about as useful as a nursery maid in the conning tower of a torpedo boat. Yet our officers managed fairly well because there was always a good-natured British colonel to help them and, besides, the Emperor spoke excellent English as did many of his military suite.

But Fukushima apparently spoke nothing, knew nothing, did not wish to know anything, showed no desire to know anybody, still less did he show any desire to impart information to his military or diplomatic colleagues.

He was of course scrupulously polite as are all Japanese. He never failed to bow ceremoniously to each of his colleagues in turn and to acknowledge punctiliously any civility extended to him. But in other respects he was hopelessly an outsider to the other guests of the Emperor, and many were the murmurs I heard from German officers—the regrets that the Imperial Headquarters should be choked by weird yellow manikins who obviously had no means of appreciating their Teutonic opportunities.

Now twelve years before meeting Fukushima I had been wrecked on the coast of Japan and been entertained in families known to Fukushima. At any rate the little major showed to me a side of himself which he concealed from his official circle. We talked of old Japan history and new Japan ideals; he pulled out for me hundreds of photographs he had taken in the debatable land of Eastern Europe—for already he had been a traveller of wide range in America no less than Europe.

But to his colleagues he was merely the little yellow dwarf for whom the Emperor had to provide a toy horse for fear of an equestrian tragedy.

One day Colonel Swayne, the British attaché, accosted Fukushima.

"I say, Major, how does your breech block work compared to this Mauser?"

"Yes," answered Fukushima, "I think it is a fine day!"

"No," protested the Colonel. "I mean, what sort of a rifle have you got——"

"Oh yes," answered Fukushima. "A little rain will do much good."

"I'm afraid I don't make my meaning clear," said the kindly Briton.

"Perfectly," answered the equally pleased Samurai, "it will lay the dust and——"

"Damn!" said the Briton softly and sought consolation by converse with the voluble Russian who told him about a new ballet at Moscow.

Shortly afterwards the British Colonel and I happened to be riding side by side when he said: "I don't see how you get on with that little exotic—that Japanese doll. I'm sure he knows nothing for I can't get an intelligent answer out of him. It's my private opinion that he's simply an idiot!"

And Fukushima meant to be an idiot—to him!

Nor is it the first time that wise men have assumed the garb of a fool in order to pass more securely to their goal.

Fukushima played the fool to perfection; had he not done so he would never have reached home

alive—never have led his countrymen to victory in two great wars, one against China, the second against Russia. And possibly at this moment of writing he may be breaking the power of Germany in the Far East.

In 1891, the grand German manœuvres were between Cassel and Erfurt, and the most conspicuous of the Imperial guests was the Czar's personal representative at the side of William II., the mysterious General Kutusoff who was like a Muscovite shadow in the Prussian Court circle and whose duty it was to report to his master in Petrograd every word that fell from the lips of his cousin at Potsdam. Kutusoff overheard the last of the Hohenzollern utterances during this year—never since has Russia cared to keep up the outward semblance of inner affection that marked the relations of the two courts during the lifetime of William I.

During these manœuvres of 1891 many military attachés went sadly astray—perhaps led astray by the German officers detailed as their military mentors—but Fukushima never. It was a treat to me to run over the map with him after the dislocation of troops had been announced. He seemed to divine the possibilities of the great game and placed his finger like a prophet

at the point to which I never galloped in vain.

After the manœuvres of 1891, he clambered to the top of a tough Cossack pony and with a single servant took one of the longest rides on record—not merely across Russia and Mongolia, but up and down and around the territory that has since been fought over by Russians, Chinese, and Japanese. His ride covered about 9000 miles or three times across this Continent; and no one who knows him wonders that he was a leading strategic spirit in the Chinese War of 1894 and still more so in that against Russia, in 1904.

Fukushima can smile softly when told that his colleagues of Berlin regarded him as a fool. He will recall the *Forty-seven Ronins* and other tales of high revenge! He notes that not one of his colleagues in Berlin has yet emerged from their routine obscurity.

In 1898, I stopped in Tokyo on my way home from the Philippines and called on little Fukushima, who had become a great general and popular hero. He was playing with his children; they laughed and romped about him and he entered into their mood with the simplicity characteristic of those who are great by nature. We talked of what was then the general European purpose—



the partition of China. Fukushima wasted no more words on this than he had at the German manoeuvres. He merely shook his head, and that meant Chinese Integrity with a Japanese Guaranty.

Then was announced for the first time in history a deputation of Chinese officers come to study the art of war from the nation they had always pretended to despise. Of course I offered to retire, but Fukushima held me to witness this, the crowning triumph of the 1894 campaign. There entered several dozen big burly warriors in most unwarlike gowns and queues and padded slippers. They drank tea and smiled and talked and made obeisance to the little Japanese Napoleon who proved in the end to be their truest friend.

The same diplomatic blindness that alienated England in 1896 and America in 1898 created enemies also in the Far East for such as could not penetrate the disguise of Fukushima at the German Court. William II. in those days preached a holy war against the pagan in terms recalling the good old days of Peter the Hermit or Richard Cœur de Lion. It was not enough that Germany seized Shantung and Kiao-chao—her Emperor launched a cartoon insulting the religion of some 400 millions of very intelligent and highly sensitive

Chinese and Japanese. This broadside might have done well enough had it been perpetrated by a missionary society; but in this case the author was none other than the Emperor of Germany and it bore therefore a character comparable to that of a Papal Bull. The meek and forgiving Buddha was pictured as a savage monster raging with desire to massacre Christians; and the title given to this demagogic specimen of Hohenzollerisch hysteria was: "People of Europe, unite in the defence of your most sacred treasures!"

The Oriental forgives much and resents little—but he forgets nothing and will get everything worth having in his own time.

Let America be wise and do justice to Japan, for only through justice need we expect mercy at her hands when the day of reckoning comes.

## CHAPTER XVII

### Diplomacy: German-American

IT has been often remarked that Russia is a despotism tempered by the venality of its police, but Prussian despotism is very honest and aggravated by the tactlessness of its conscientious officials. But who am I, a Yankee, that dare to throw stones while myself inhabiting a most vitreous abode? On my first visit to Shanghai, the American Consul-General was in jail for embezzlement of the mails entrusted to his care; and on my second visit another United States Consul-General was being prosecuted under fifteen indictments, any one of which would have stopped the civil career of a German. In 1898, there was but one American Consul between Singapore and Yokohama fit for decent society, and the son of the United States Minister was borrowing the prestige of his legation in order to act as commission agent for an Austrian trading-house. The first American Ambassador to Berlin could speak neither

French nor German, and as he could not afford a dwelling-place commensurate with his rank he returned to his native State (New Jersey), having learned as much of diplomacy as any other tourist. But the consular service was even better calculated to excite in the German popular mind that contempt for the American Government so abundantly expressed during the Spanish War and today. In my time seventy-two per cent. of so-called American consuls in Germany were German Jews who for more than one reason were not regarded as desirable associates by official or academic Germany. During the years I spent in Munich, the American Consul was a disreputable descendant of Abraham who used his official position for the purpose of extracting money from local tradespeople to whom he brought rich American tourists; and especially from German-Americans in distress whose claims at law he professed to press through his alleged influence. During this man's tenure of office there came to Munich an assistant Secretary of State named Pearce who was enjoying a free tour of Europe at the expense of the American taxpayer. His ostensible mission was to inspect the various consular offices. This inspection consisted in being shown the town by the interested Consul and enjoying at every stage

of his journey the distractions congenial to commercial travellers on our western circuit. I managed to secure his attention for an hour over a cup of tea with Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and we two gave him chapter and verse regarding the systematic scoundrelism of our representative in Bavaria. He was a pleasant man and smiled pleasantly as he closed his visit with a remark he had probably made in a dozen other places—that this particular Consul happened to be the appointee or creature of some political boss and that all the machinery of the State Department would be invoked in vain unless we had witnesses who could swear that they saw his hands in another man's pockets. When I talked on the matter with the late John Hay, who had been Secretary under my father in Paris and to whom I ever remained like one of his family, he listened with kindly indulgence, and then told consular tales within his own experience, so much worse diplomatically and so infinitely more diverting from a literary point of view that I parted from him convinced that the American Consul must be a grafter and the good one is he who grafts less than his colleagues.

But this is no more true than many another generalization made under the smart of personal wrong endured; for I can recall plenty of patriotic

white Americans who have served their country in consular and diplomatic posts not merely honestly and ably but at considerable sacrifice to their purse. Herbert Bowen was our Consul in Barcelona when the Spanish War raised the mob against him; and instead of running away as did our representative in South Africa at the outbreak of the Boer War, he barricaded himself in and kept revolvers cocked until the storm blew over, when those who had but recently thirsted for his blood now sought to kiss him on both cheeks. Yet this same Bowen who would have been a cabinet officer under British rule was turned out of the diplomatic service by Roosevelt along with many another whose crime consisted in a stubborn adherence to the truth.

Richard Sprague was Consul at Gibraltar and dared not go out at night, so threatening was the attitude of the Spaniards who could not forgive his having prevented the departure of coal-ships for the Spanish navy during that same war; but Sprague did his duty, has worked no political wires, and will die poor like many another public servant who loves his country more than money. For years in Berlin all there was of respectability in American life revolved about the person of J. B. Jackson, the first Secretary. He was a

graduate of Annapolis, he knew French and German well, took infinite pains to know everything about Germany that could assist diplomatic negotiations, and was in fact for many years the only practical means of intercourse between the German Foreign Office and the American Department of State. Needless to say he had to spend more than three times his salary on the mere rent of an adequate apartment and would have gone on doing it cheerfully but that some politician needed a job, and so Jackson was forced out of the service by Roosevelt; and so on through a wearisome list which young men might ponder with advantage when they tell me serenely that they are going abroad to study languages and fit themselves for a diplomatic career. To be sure it had its fascination for me many years ago when Cleveland was first elected and when all youngsters of my age were keen in matters of municipal and tariff reform; but when I broached the matter to my father, he said: "So far from encouraging you to seek a diplomatic appointment, I would as soon see you laid out for burial as succeed in such an effort"—nor was my father wholly in joke, and needless to say time has abundantly vindicated the advice so grimly given.

There are many Americans who from time to

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time advocate the complete abolition of diplomatic agents in Europe on the ground that they are undemocratic or unsomething else, but this is too much like refusing to wash because the water is occasionally dirty. Europe is annually flooded with Americans who are seeking information on important subjects in many departments where Europe has a most precious storehouse filled with the accumulation of centuries. What could Prescott or Washington Irving have done had they not enjoyed special privileges in the Spanish archives? And how can these privileges be secured save through properly accredited American agents? My own work in English archives would have been futile had not James Russell Lowell been then our Minister in England, and of course my German work would never have been undertaken had not the Emperor secured for me a key to invaluable state papers. The American student has a hard time in Europe when seeking access to officials or private collections and has no other sponsor than such an impossibility as the American Consul who disgraced the American Government in Munich for many years.

To make war popular, we must first render odious the people against whom we make preparation, and when that people sends as represen-



tatives men unworthy of popular respect, a long step is taken towards cultivating the notion that people with such representatives must be a sorry lot. We had in Madrid in 1897, one Hannis Taylor who as American Minister did perhaps as much to make this country contemptible in Spanish eyes as any other agency that provoked the Spanish War. When I called at his office, not knowing even who was the Minister, a coarse, slouchy, stevedore-looking man in shirt-sleeves opened the door and, supposing him to be the janitor, I asked if there was an American Minister on the premises, to which he replied that he was that exalted functionary. He had no secretary; he knew no French or Spanish, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs said to me pathetically that Spain would feel so very grateful if we could send to Madrid a representative with whom he, the late Canovas, could enter into conversation. This American Minister told me he slept in the office, and had his meals brought in from a neighbouring restaurant by the Spanish office-boy—all of which indicated a spirit given to thrift if not to the higher flights of diplomatic ambition. I noticed that the walls were hung with unframed canvases suggestive of old masters, and John Hay told me subsequently that these were shipped to Christie's

in London to be auctioned off upon gullible tourists, but that their authenticity was so problematical that even the auctioneer refused to apply to them the names given by our Minister of the United States in Madrid. When the history of these times comes to be written, the future Tacitus will be at a loss to determine which did most to precipitate the Spanish War, the yellow press of William Randolph Hearst or the yellow diplomacy of Hannis Taylor.

And now no Prussian need feel that my views regarding the Holleben, Hinzpeter, Bernstorff, and Dernburg type of diplomat spring from a narrow conceit that America alone produces the best samples of national representation. Yet here again after I have said the best for Prussia in this field, I am not able to rise to a higher level than the deadly monotonous mediocrity of such honest, painstaking, and blundering officials as can be seen today wherever the Black Eagle carries *Kultur* across the seas, whether to a great capital on the Potomac or a missionary station in the South Seas. With American diplomacy or consular service we have abundant examples of egregious incompetence, flunkeyism, and pecuniary dishonesty, yet at the same time our annals are every now and then illuminated by such names as

George Bancroft, Andrew D. White, and Bayard Taylor, in Berlin; a Motley, in Vienna; a Washington Irving, in Spain; a Benjamin Franklin, in Paris; and finally James Russell Lowell, John Hay, and Choate, in London. A brilliant man in office cannot always undo the evil work of his predecessor, but he can at least give to optimists at home an idea of what this country could achieve were the administration of its foreign affairs entrusted to hands one tithe as capable as the head clerks of an average firm of exporters.

But this is merely a digression.

## CHAPTER XVIII

Bismarck and William II.—Herbert Bismarck—  
Edward VII.

THE Emperor did not dismiss Bismarck. He merely accepted Bismarck's challenge which was that if the Master dared do so and so, he the servant would no longer serve. The royal Master did do so and so, but the Prime Minister did not carry out his part of the bargain. Therefore after a reasonable interval, William II. sent round to inquire why Bismarck still remained occupying official quarters—and on this hint the Pilot packed his wallet and went over the side.

William II. ever spoke to me in most affectionate terms of Bismarck; and in regard to this retirement of the crabbed old Chancellor his act was purely patriotic and impersonal as relieving from command a general no longer useful in the field. But a man may be a Napoleon yet not be a gentleman, all of which is abundantly illustrated by the manner in which the great Chancellor occupied

years of leisure that might have been devoted to making his name brilliant in other fields.

Herbert Bismarck with dramatic emphasis insisted upon retiring along with his father, hoping that the Bismarck strike would be successful if the whole family united. The Emperor begged Herbert to reconsider, assuring him that his personal relations to them both remained the same. Herbert, however, was a Prussian, and the Emperor was forced to look elsewhere for help in foreign affairs.

But Bismarck had foreseen the possibility of such a strike on his part, and had resolved to leave no successor. My point can be made clearer by calling attention to the splendid body of staff officers educated by Moltke. But then Moltke was not a Prussian—he was a great man, a man who worked out great problems in silence and shared his results with a band of devoted soldiers whose highest ambition was to keep the military machine in a state of perfection and to pass it on from one generation to the other unimpaired.

Bismarck created a name for himself alone—Moltke left a school of disciples, all working unselfishly for a common good.

When we speak of great Prussians, or rather when we analyse the noisy claims of those who

wave the flag of Prussian *Kultur*, it reminds me a little of an Irishman with whom I discussed Land League politics many years ago near Bantry Bay.

Said I, "You suffer, no doubt, from the curse of absentee landlords?"

"Is it absentee landlords you're speaking of?" said he. "Why the place fairly shwarrms with 'em!"

Prussia was raised from the dregs in 1813, and the men who made her great bear names which gain in lustre as we study them in detail. Prussians brag of them and crown them in the Berlin Valhalla, but how many of them are Prussians? Blücher, Gneisenau, and Scharnhorst were no more Prussian than Moltke, yet without those three there would have been no universal service, no victory at the Katzbach and above all no culminating triumph at Waterloo. Gneisenau was Austrian, Scharnhorst Hanoverian, and Blücher from Swedish Pomerania. As for Baron Stein, he was from Nassau in the Rhine-land and Ernst Moritz Arndt, who was to him what Alexander Hamilton was to Washington, had no drop of Prussian blood in his veins.

And if we take a yet broader view of *Kultur* as glorified in Berlin monuments and name such names as Goethe and Schiller, Gutenberg and

Luther, Mozart and Beethoven, Körner and Lessing, and so *ad infinitum*, we find that these belong rather to the world of cosmopolitan Europe by blood and training and have little in common with a monarchy whose pride centres in a parade ground of Potsdam rather than in a Florence or Pisa.

But to come back to Herbert Bismarck. We were fellow-guests of the Emperor on a cruise from Brindisi to the Piræus by way of Corfu and Patras. Our ship had been chartered for the Imperial suite, and Bismarck the Second was of course the Dean of our Faculty, who occupied the head of the table and did honours in the name of our Imperial host—who had taken another route accompanied by the Empress; and we were all to meet in Athens for the wedding of the Emperor's sister to the then Crown Prince, the present King Constantine of Greece.

Herbert represented the Foreign Office, and therefore the Imperial visit bore a highly official character aside from its family and social one. He placed me on his right and treated me with marked attention, carrying goodwill so far as to promise me the English rights in his father's prospective memoirs, at least so far as editing and translating were concerned. But as Prussia has

not yet evolved the concept club or gentleman so the English language has no adequate equivalent for the German word *burschikos*, of which this Bismarckian diplomatist was an excellent example, if we can imagine a person of such exalted rank and responsibilities eternally carousing and jesting as do many reckless students on a lark. At our first dinner on board, the chief steward offered us champagne in the usual glasses, but Herbert arrested the bending bottle with the peremptory demand: "Who pays for this champagne?" and when the steward answered: "Everything here, your Excellency, is at the expense of His Majesty," our vice-regal host thundered indignantly: "What do you mean by such miserable little glasses? Bring me something fit for a thirsty man!" Long-drink glasses were then substituted and the Emperor had no reason to complain that his cellar was slighted, at least so far as Bismarck the Second was concerned. He was a monumental eater and drinker. I never saw him drunk, nor yet sober. He seemed everlastingly quenching a thirst that knew no bounds, and drank everything excepting water. Never was Imperial party more hilarious—we laughed and joked from morning till night, and while many of Herbert's stories were scandalous to the ears of Countess Brockdorff, chief



lady-in-waiting to the Empress, he laughed but the louder when reminded of her presence and said that such a tonic would do her good.

We reached the prosperous port of Patras early in the morning but not too early for the Greeks, who had sent out a delegation of political notables, all dressed in conventional evening attire with white kid gloves, and *chapeaux-claque* under their arms, eager to salute the great statesman, with a roll of manuscript from which a Demosthenic oration appeared imminent.

Count Herbert was with difficulty roused from bed, and when he finally stumbled up to the rail of the poop-deck and gazed down upon the compatriots of Marco Bozzaris he bellowed forth in great glee: "Now come the Greek wine-pedlars—I know them—Oinopoleo—That's the word!"

In vain we seized his arm and reminded him that these gentlemen were dignitaries of State, but he roared the more merrily: "What's the difference? They don't understand a word of German." And as he thus guffawed and bellowed, the most dignified and courteous of Peloponnesians stepped forward, and with a profound bow started in upon a very distinct and highly flattering oration in purest German.

Young Bismarck could not grow more red in

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the face, but he was glad when the ordeal was over, and if the people of Patras still talk of the Bismarck mission it is with a fervent prayer that Prussian *kultur* may always be handicapped by such bungling diplomacy.

Next day we of the German Imperial Mission all had rendezvous at the Palace in Athens, where the programme for the wedding festivities was to be announced and opportunity was to be offered for the German attachés and aides-de-camp to make a pleasant impression upon their hosts at the Court of the Hellenes. I was chatting with that most courteous of Southerners, Walker Fearn of Louisiana, who then represented the United States, when Herbert Bismarck stopped to shake hands with me and say a few gracious words. Of course I took great pleasure in presenting our Minister to the great man, and after a few words, Herbert suddenly recollected that he had business of moment, and exclaimed in a loud voice, as of one accustomed to command: "Where is the Lord Chamberlain?" Walker Fearn, to whom the question was partly addressed, said in very good French: "Does Your Excellency refer to the Chamberlain of His Hellenic Majesty?"

"Oh, damn your Hellenic Majesty," said Bismarck, "I mean the Emperor"—and catching

sight of the Prussian uniform, which just then interested him most, he stalked away, leaving behind him a backwash of scowling faces and semi-suppressed imprecations, all of which added very little to the delight in Athens over the coming of a Prussian Princess.

These are all mere trifles—for what after all does it matter that one man more or less is ill-mannered, inebriate, or tactless?—But the Greeks are a sensitive people; they gave themselves infinite pains to make a splendid show in honour of their Prussian guests, who repaid their efforts by commenting loudly and frankly as tourists in Chinatown roar with laughter over the queer antics of misunderstood tragedians.

The wanderings of Ulysses covered but a small geographical space compared with those of William II., yet I venture to think that the wise man of Ithaca achieved greater diplomatic success at least in some ports at which he touched than did his Imperial imitator on a fast steam yacht and with a brilliant but tactless suite. From Cowes to Copenhagen and from Genoa to Constantinople, William II. has assiduously sought not merely knowledge of many men in many cities, but has in the spirit of a merchant adventurer sought also new markets for German manufacturers and for

the investment of German capital. He may have accomplished something, but I doubt if that something achieved by his personal prestige and charm has not been more than obliterated by those who have come after him and acted in his name. Indeed, I am inclined to go a step farther and assert that Edward VII., travelling as a simple English gentleman, has done more for his country in half an hour over a good cigar with a French statesman than the whole machinery of German diplomacy, even when supported by the Emperor in person and a suite of Herbert Bismarcks could accomplish in years.

Edward VII. came to the throne in the midst of thorny disputes at almost every corner of the world. Had England accepted the challenge of war on the day of his inaugural she would have stood alone with an Indian frontier exposed to Russian attack, and Africa a source of grave anxiety, not merely at Capetown and Pretoria, but also in Egypt and Morocco. But this greatest of modern monarchs was a king among men and also a man among kings. No one more than he realized the importance of his task, but where the Foreign Office and Privy Council had failed in spite of blue-books by the ton and red tape by the mile he, by the exercise of God-given tact and

a genial appreciation of human motives, blew away hundreds of little difficulties as we disperse midges in the smoke of a generous cigar; and thus when Edward VII. closed his very short reign he left a country in friendly touch not only with the French Republic but with every other civilized nation—excepting of course that one which for twenty years has been preparing for the great day when England and her colonies should go down together at the sound of the Potsdam bugle.

## CHAPTER XIX

Queen Louise—German Women and Men—Guelph  
Family—Gmunden

EVERY country must have its national saint—  
Japan her Kwanon, the Goddess of Mercy; India her Siva, emblem of loyal marriage; France has the Maid of Orleans to embody national aspiration and womanly virtue; America has her Gibson girl, and Prussia paradoxically worships the memory of Queen Louise, the most un-Prussian of women. I searched in vain through the various collections of the Emperor for a genuine portrait of this beautiful and admirable Princess, but found none, although his palaces contained numerous oil-paintings pretending to represent his illustrious great-grandmother. There is an alleged *Queen Louise* hanging in every American shop, hotel, and boarding-house, picturing a very pretty but rather insipid young lady with a conventional Queen Louise scarf about her neck. This can also be seen as the advertisement of an

American shoe-company; but it is not a portrait of Queen Louise nor did it ever pretend to be. The lady who sat for this is the beautiful Berlin actress, Josephine Müller, whom I had the honour of taking in to supper at the home of Ludwig Barnay in Wiesbaden some thirty years ago. She went to a fancy-dress ball dressed as Queen Louise with no more thought of deceiving the public than were I to masquerade as Henry VIII., or Ben Franklin. Hans Richter painted her portrait in this costume somewhere in the late seventies, and the picture was much admired, more because of the popularity of the actress and her royal prototype than for the technical excellence of the painter. The venerable Emperor William stopped before this picture and said, referring to the expression of happiness on the actress's face: "That is the way my mother should have looked"—for as we know she lived a life of sorrow and died of a broken heart.

When in Austria, in the mountains where the late rightful Queen of Hanover, widow of the blind King, spent her declining years, the subject of my studies was being discussed, and I vented my regret at not having a portrait of this beautiful Queen suitable for a frontispiece to my History. At this the old Queen rose and beckoning me to

follow, led the way to her study, and picking up from her writing-table a framed miniature, handed it to me, with the remark that here was the best if not the only authentic portrait of her aunt. And indeed it was a vision of beauty, making ridiculous the large number of alleged "Queen Louises" stored up in the Hohenzollern Museum. Of course I was all ablaze with enthusiasm and begged Her Majesty's permission to have a photograph made and to use it in my book. She kindly assented, and we passed into dinner with the family, which included her son, the rightful heir to the Hanoverian throne, whose wife was sister to the then Czarina of Russia as well as the then Princess of Wales. Several uncommonly well-behaved grandchildren were with us, notably one manly little lad of seven or eight who has since married the only daughter of William II., under conditions suggesting that the House of Hohenzollern is inclined to make reparation for the violence with which in 1866, it drove from the Hanoverian throne the blind King of Hanover, his grandfather.

The old Queen, in the two years of my residence in Gmunden, said never a word that might not have been overheard and repeated by a Prussian spy. She told me of the brutal manner in which the police of Bismarck had driven her out of her



own home in Hanover like any other deported malefactor, and while she knew presumably that I had for twenty years enjoyed the friendship of William II., she evidently believed that I might be loyal to his person and not necessarily a tool of his policy. During the winter after my first summer in Austria, the Emperor questioned me closely regarding my days at the Court of Hanover, and he seemed much relieved when I assured him that I could in no way confirm the prevailing Prussian impression that there was at that court a conspiracy aiming at a restoration of Guelph rights.

But to return to Queen Louise; during the supper the Queen of Hanover exchanged a few words with her chief equerry, Baron von Klenck, and immediately afterwards said to me with the smile of one who has enjoyed a triumph: "You need give yourself no further concern about that photograph—I will attend to it myself." Of course I thanked her, but many days and then weeks passed by and I trembled at the thought that I might after all lose the precious photograph. But I did the niece of Queen Louise injustice, for one day arrived a mysterious packet from the Cumberland palace and in it was the very miniature itself in replica; so well done in every particular even to the frame, that when I compared the two it was

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difficult to choose. This most generous of fairy godmothers had sent all the way to Vienna and had at great expense secured for me the very best that art could do in my service.

Of course I boasted much to the Emperor that in all his galleries he had nothing comparable to the portrait of Queen Louise in my possession, and of course he also clamoured for a sight of it and of course I brought it myself to the palace in Berlin, and entrusted it to his principal aide-de-camp, reminding him that it was my property and must be returned. I did not see the Emperor personally, he being at a council. But what was my dismay when at the next court function the Emperor strenuously wrung my hand and said he could not find words warm enough to express his gratitude at my magnificent present! I behaved like a coward, got red in the face, tried to mumble something, but the Emperor talked so rapidly and so loudly, addressing not only me but his family within hearing, that I could not find the heart to tell him that he was robbing me of the thing I prized above all others. And that night I went home cursing my luck and feeling that I had forfeited not only my own self-respect but the confidence reposed in me by the lovely old Queen of Hanover. Nor was this the only treasure

that fell a victim to my Imperial host. When I made a canoe voyage in 1891 from the headwaters of the Danube in the Black Forest to its mouth on the Black Sea, the little craft that carried me for those happy three months over the weirs of the upper river and through the many rapids at the junction of Hungary, Serbia, and Roumania, was shipped back to Potsdam from Galatz whilst I crossed the Pruth near its mouth and wandered about Southern Russia before returning to Berlin. The idea of parting with my canoe *Caribee* would, under ordinary circumstances, have smacked of sacrilege, but when the Emperor showed enthusiasm for its achievements and promised me that each of his sons in turn should become expert canoeists, my courage failed me and, as in the case of Queen Louise, I could but exclaim like a hypocrite that the proudest moment of my life would be that in which he deigned to accept from my unworthy hands this matchless canoe! It was at a family luncheon that this shameful surrender occurred—no others present save the Empress and a few of the older children. The Empress shuddered at the thought of her boys embarking in so frail a craft and said she would not allow it, and vainly I explained to her that I had capsized many times and that a little practice would make

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the boys as easy in a Rob Roy as on horseback. But she would not hear of it and persisted in telling me that her children should never enter a canoe. And when finally I laid down what I thought was a trump card by remarking that the Emperor had promised me that they should, she rejoined as one closing a discussion: “He may be Emperor of Germany, but I am the Emperor of my nursery.” Everybody laughed, but the Empress had her way. William II. had to give in, and the curious tourist may today, by the aid of a trifling *pourboire*, discover beneath decades of dust the shapely lines of my precious *Caribee* pushed away in the top of the Imperial boat-house on the shores of the Havel at the so-called “Matrosen-station.”

But the putting of *Caribee* into shape for Imperial inspection after her long voyage was no trifling matter, for she had to be scraped and varnished; her drop-rudder, centreboard, and nickel-plated fixtures had to be renewed, and the sails that had done long service in the West Indies, on the Saint Lawrence, and many waters of Europe were, in the opinion of the naval officer who guarded the toy frigate, much too shabby for presentation at court; so silken sails were made and when the bill was presented to me, I paid it, and reflected that

a few more such triumphs and I would have to mortgage the farm.

But I am straying from Queen Louise. That night I did not sleep for thinking of her beautiful miniature and the probable wrath of her niece who could certainly not be pleased at the thought of a Hohenzollern receiving anything at her hands. So next morning I despatched a long confession of my sins, begged forgiveness, and promised, what seemed easy enough, that I would never do so again. To this letter I expected no answer or, if any, a curt acknowledgment from her secretary pronouncing my banishment from the Hanoverian Court. What then was my delight when there came to me, after the necessary interval, an equally perfect replica, an expression of generous sympathy for me in my wretchedness, and only one request in return, namely, that I should make it very clear to His Majesty of Hohenzollern, that the *Queen Louise* in his possession was by no means a gift to him from the Queen of Hanover!

Sweeping statements are abhorrent to the scientific historian, and when most visitors in Germany are painfully struck by the coarse manner of German young men towards virtue in woman, this does not necessarily preclude a large proportion of domestic happiness. Possibly the explana-

tion lies in the fact that German women are too busy with their housework and children to worry over social problems after the manner of our so-called clubwomen. In these matters I can speak only for the classes of which I have seen most—officers, officials, and the learned professions, where contented, if not happy, wives are the rule. It is hard to conceive that an English or American girl could be happy under Prussian conditions unless her money had been sufficient to purchase a husband of high station. During the Boer War I stopped in Bonn, not only to inquire for traces of the Kortegarn institute, of which by the way none existed, but to visit an old friend, the daughter of William Walter Phelps, who was at the accession of William II.,—American representative in Berlin a man of fortune and distinguished social position at home. His daughter married one of Bismarck's secretaries, von Rottenburg, who later was made Curator of Bonn University. His American wife was thoroughly unhappy, for she had to consort with Prussian women who lost no opportunity of saying sly things derogatory to America; and the only German newspapers seen by her husband were even more offensive. The marriage was soon afterwards broken up, the lady returning to America. Countess von Krockow,

the American widow of a Prussian nobleman, lives in America, on the Hudson, and the list can be easily swelled. I can understand an American man or woman settling in England and closing his years happily there, but in Prussia, never; least of all for the woman. The Prussian has not, as I have before observed, emerged from the barbarism of thought and custom which characterized him in the fifteenth century, when his ancestral swamps were invaded by crusaders who converted him nominally to Christianity but practically to Prussian *Kultur* in its most offensive aspect.

The word Home, as we understand it in the English-speaking world, does not exist in Prussia, but in its place are innumerable restaurants and beer-gardens; and where we ask a friend to our family circle the German takes him to a *Stammtisch* or club-table where amid the clatter of dishes and beer-mugs the Teuton learns those manners which make him proverbial as a social unit. Young men and even children of the better classes are apt to see more of this gregarious pot-house life than of the home with sisters and parents. A little of it goes a long way to one who is not by nature Bohemian; and a decently-bred student of the English-speaking world soon sickens of a society where waitresses and chambermaids are

handled with more freedom than fastidiousness, and where even women of social position are regarded as man's chattel. I have known German students to weep in reciting verses of Heine or Goethe, stand up through long Wagnerian operas in ecstasy of worship, and soon afterwards gorge themselves with sausage and beer, resting now and then to rhapsodize on a theme of *Kultur* or pass a ribald joke with the *Bier-mädchen*. When first I engaged a German governess for my children I was surprised to learn that half her meagre earnings were to be deducted and sent by me to her brother, a young officer in the army; but she told me this was a universal custom, and she did her share in the matter as cheerfully as though it was the case of a crippled sister rather than a hulking giant abundantly capable of supporting not merely himself but a family into the bargain. I was pointed out some years ago several smart shop-girls and waitresses who had achieved the distinction of maintaining each a student at the University, the understanding being that they were to be legally married so soon as he had passed professional examinations. The number of students and unmarried officers and officials who keep a mistress to do their cooking, washing, and scrubbing, in other words, to whom the common slavey



is a servant for the whole circle of his appetites, is appallingly large, if I may credit the statements of economists and the initiated. Yet this does not preclude an exhibition of sentimentality in honeymooners that would cause police interference were it exercised in our community. In short the Prussia, whose patron saint is Queen Louise, is a land of paradox in the matter of home life; and only those who have spent many years of intimacy there realize the difficulties of forming a final opinion—although what I have myself experienced causes me to recommend the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* as altogether the most kindly critic in this dangerously delicate matter.

## CHAPTER XX

### Emigrants—German Officials—"Blood Is Thicker than Water"

IT is time to conclude these discursive *Prussian Memories*, for modern readers are impatient, so says my publisher. I have looked back over fifty years of a life in which things German have played an important part, and while I am nothing if not American, is it too much for me to claim that the Germany of today, which stirs the indignant protest of every humane creature throughout the world, must compel us to revise much that we have held sacred regarding the value of so-called *Kultur*? In my visits as lecturer to the principal American colleges I recall none where a large proportion of the faculty were not products of German university training, and indeed many of them were of German blood as well. Such has been the prestige of Prussia since the Franco-German War that it has lent a glamour to academic Germany, so much so that scarce any scientific

research passes current with us that has not a German hall-mark; and in a crisis like the present, given an American University with a faculty of four hundred of which four may be German, be sure that these four champions of *Kultur* will make more noise in the press in defence of their ideas than the remaining three hundred and ninety-six who take all things for granted and see no reason why they should contend for principles which appear to them the common heritage of our race. The Prussian machinery of state has for twenty years at least assiduously sought to prepare for war, by circulating in the press whatever could render an Englishman odious in the public mind; and while millions of Germans have sought refuge under the flags of English-speaking countries and found there prosperity and liberal treatment, their experience counts for nothing compared with the daily output of abuse which nourishes the spirits of those who have no other means of knowledge. We may airily sneer at the press as a mercantile institution trading on human curiosity and credulity, but when the majority is necessarily ignorant, curious, and credulous, I can safely predict how they will think and act in any political crisis, provided their sources of information are at my mercy. The contrast between Prussian hatred of England

and America and the eagerness with which the German emigrant flies to the folds of an American or English flag and avoids his own colonies, is another paradox conspicuously illustrated by my own experiences in Australia, South Africa, England, and the United States.

Perhaps one reason why stay-at-home Germans have lost their equanimity in regard to colonization is that these colonies have been, as a rule, acquired not by the enterprise of German pioneers but by a bargain between their government and a very complaisant English Prime Minister. It was about ten years after the Franco-German War that Bismarck developed the colonial idea as a pendant to the subvention of steamship lines and high protection for home manufacturers. He searched the waste corners of the tropical world, and wherever there was a tract of debatable land where the English flag waved but vaguely, he demanded categorically if England meant a *de facto* occupation and administration; otherwise, he wished it for prospective German colonists. In those days Queen Victoria loved peace and Lord Salisbury hated wrangling, and Bismarck seemed very much in earnest and—well, the average Englishman knew little and cared less just then about the lands in controversy, and some may

have reasoned wisely that to occupy a rival nation with colonies of questionable value would divert her attention from matters nearer home. In this case, however, Germany's failure to accomplish anything colonially in her first thirty years of experiment, so far from opening her eyes to the fact that the individual German needs no such stimulus to emigration, has caused her rulers to hate even more fiercely the possessor of so many flourishing dependencies, where liberty and justice draw away annually more and more subjects of military age.

"Give us the English colonies, and we can do better by them," is the German cry. And I have listened with meekness mingled with surprise to the perpetual prophecy on the lips of every loyal Prussian that on the very first favourable occasion England's colonial power would crumble as had that of Spain, and the fragments would be restored after a new and more durable pattern by the children of *Kultur*.

This is a year of unfulfilled prophecies—I refer to Prussian prophets; and may God in His mercy protect this country if I too prove equally unreliable!

America also has a colonial empire which is likely to prove a source of weakness in the event

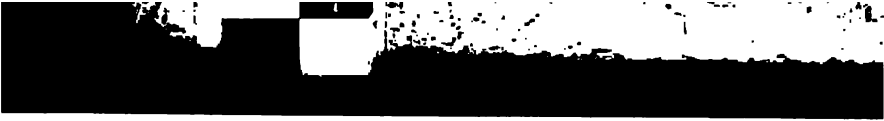
of our going to war, for we do not colonize beyond our borders. Our dependencies are in a climate unfavourable to the white man; the natives are of alien race, language, and religion, and so far we have inspired them with neither respect nor fear. It would be well for this country if we could induce Japan to accept the Philippines and Hawaii, giving us in return a few coaling-stations and perhaps a promise never to employ asphyxiating gas in any prospective war. Germany has for twenty years watched the Western world as a field for active intervention, and so far England alone has stood between us and a challenge from Berlin regarding our so-called Monroe Doctrine.

Germany is dear to me and so is France, but the English-speaking world is my home. We talk much and loosely about the traditional friendships of Russia and the United States because a Muscovite squadron once dropped anchor in New York with no more reference to our political situation than if it had stopped at Fiji or Canton on the same cruise. Traditional friendships are always the conventional themes for professional orators when there is an axe to grind. History, however, bids us beware of all such professions; for governments have to manage their affairs with cold-blooded indifference to individual sentiment, and

the rule of the foreign office is to treat every friend politely as we do one who may some day be our enemy.

Nations never have respected those who knew not how to defend their honour or their territory. We may hold Peace Conferences of the Lake Mohonk variety; build Hague tribunals, and squander the Carnegie millions in peace-at-any-price propaganda, but they only make us ridiculous in the eyes of weaker neutral nations who look to us for help; and as for the Prussian General Staff, nothing gives them more pleasure than to watch our successive steps towards disarmament.

Japan and Russia fought one another in 1904, yet now march as comrades against a common enemy; the Boers were but a short while ago eager to kill every Englishman on African soil, and today they are one people in the camp no less than the forum. Ten years of our early history consisted of war with our mother-country, and for many years no American politician or editor but sought popularity at home by metaphorically sticking out his tongue at the British Lion; yet the annals of the United States navy are replete with a sequence of international episodes in remote parts of the world where British and American sailors have stood together without waiting for



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orders and have spontaneously acted upon the higher law that “Blood is thicker than water.” We love those with whom we have fought, but we love most those who have fought us fairly.

**THE END**

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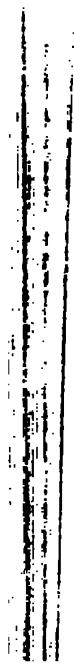


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